

IDEAL CHRISTMAS PACKAGE WANTED; FOLKS ARE TOLD

Suggestions from Whole
Army Will Be Used in
Cabled Reply

DON'T FORGET DIMENSIONS

Stars and Stripes Asks Aid of A.E.F.
in Getting Real Needs Supplied
Up to Three Pounds

Dimensions: Nine by four by three inches—108 cubic inches.
Weight: Three pounds—0.2777777777 (and as many more sevens as you care to add) pounds to the cubic inch.
These are the requirements, announced in this newspaper last week, which every Christmas package for a soldier in the A.E.F. must meet before it will be allowed to leave America.

Nine by four by three inches—three pounds. No more—and who wants any less?

You can imagine what is going to happen when some 2,000,000 mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, aunts, uncles and the rest of the folks start to select what is going into those packages.

Debates Sure to Follow

You can hear the debates about the family council fire. Shall Aunt Susie's wistfulness be ruled out in favor of Aunt Hattie's fruit cake—that is, if fruit cake isn't perishable? Shall Cousin George's sporty suggestion of three packs of cards (including one pinocchio deck) and a set of poker dice be allowed to stand, or is there more weight in Uncle Fred's opinion that the boy must have used up all his safety razor blades (and probably lost the razor) several months ago? The kid brother's proposal to send a motorcycle starts a laugh, but can they dismiss so easily the little sister's modest insistence that the package be filled chock-a-block full with home-made fudge?

It's going to be one of the problems of the war. It is a major operation, if there ever was one.

Now, while none of the folks is an amateur when it comes to picking out Christmas presents, while they may have their own ideas of what we want even more than we do, still, can't we help them, can't we make the puzzle easier to solve?

We have been here anywhere from one day to 17 months. We know, by this time, what we can get and what we can't, what we need and what we don't.

What, then, should be in the contents of the ideal 9x4x3 Christmas package? The STARS AND STRIPES will cable home, in plenty of time for the folks to act on it, if they want to, the best suggestions for such a package that it receives from the members of the A.E.F.

Don't Forget the Size

There will probably be many ideal suggestions. A member of a Field Signal Battalion in the line may not want the same three pounds of practical good cheer that an assistant provost marshal at a port of entry would like. A man stationed in a good-sized S.O.S. camp might conceivably be able to buy something that a doughboy, wondering when the ration carts are going to catch up, would give his soul to have sent to him from the very heart of the salt fields of Utah.

We shall, so far as is possible and practicable, take all these considerations into account. All we ask the American soldier to do is to remember that every package is to be smaller than a piano box and larger than a watch case—that it must be, to be exact once more, nine inches by four inches by three inches in size, and that it must weight no more than three pounds.

The folks will be waiting to hear your suggestions. The great news services have already carried word back to them that your suggestions are coming. Send them along. The best ones will go to America, and they will reach America in plenty of time.

Just put the words "Christmas Package Idea" somewhere on the envelope when you write us.

BALLOON OBSERVER REJOINS HIS OUTFIT

Lieutenant Finds Old Battery, but Not in Orthodoxy Way

Lieut. Herbert Hudnut, late of Princeton and New York, has rejoined his old outfit.

He came over in May as an Artillery officer, but in August he shook hands all around and went off to become a balloon observer. What became of him during the next exciting weeks none of the old crowd knew, and what became of his wandering brigade Lieutenant Hudnut had no notion. He thought it would be pleasant to drop in on them sometime during the war if he could ever find them.

For himself, he was ordered to a battery in the Argonne, and from that elevation he was studying the landscape on the German side of the battle line when a Boche plane emerged suddenly from a low-hanging cloud and made a dive for him.

Lieutenant Hudnut and his balloonist grabbed the parachutes and jumped. The great balloon was soon nothing but a slowly sinking torch, and the lieutenant a much rattled observer collecting his wits in the high branches of a tree to which the wind had wafted him.

As he started finally to climb to earth, and an American officer held up a helping hand, he heard that officer exclaim: "Well, how in hell did you get up our tree?"

From the lowest crotch of it, Lieutenant Hudnut paused and surveyed the outfit below. He had landed in his old battery.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO THE GERMAN PEACE PROPOSAL

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, OCTOBER 8, 1918.

Before replying to the Imperial German Government, and in order that the reply may be as candid and as direct as the formidable interests at stake require, the President of the United States considers it necessary to assure himself of the exact significance of the note of the Imperial Chancellor.

Does the Imperial Chancellor mean that the Imperial German Government accepts the conditions set by the President in his address to Congress the eighth of January last, and in his subsequent addresses, and that its aim in opening discussion would only be to come to an agreement upon the practical details and their application? The President finds himself obliged to say, in respect to the suggestion of an armistice, that he does not see any possibility of proposing a cessation of hostilities to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated against the Central Powers as long as the armies of the latter Powers are upon the soil of the associated Governments. The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers to withdraw immediately everywhere their forces from the invaded territory.

The President also considers himself justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor makes inquiry simply in the name of the constituted authorities of the Empire who have up to the present carried on the war. He considers that the reply to these questions is vital from all points of view.

(Signed)

ROBERT LANSING.

88 ORPHANS TAKEN IN BEST WEEK OF WHOLE CAMPAIGN

Total of 125 Christmas Gift
Adoptions on Road
to 500 Total

YOUNGEST PARRAIN FOUND

But If You Use the Best French,
You Will Have to Call Miss
Taft a Mairaine

Eighty-eight French Christmas Gift War Orphans adopted and guaranteed, come what may, food, clothing, comfort, a home, schooling—a Christmas present which lasts a whole year!

Such was the week's response of the A.E.F. to the appeal of THE STARS AND STRIPES for Christmas-all-the-year-round aid for half a thousand little French children whose fathers gave their lives for the same glorious cause which brought us all to Europe. Eighty-eight this week and 37 last week, making a total of 125 in the fortnight which has elapsed since the first call for assistance was issued.

Answers came this week from units in all parts of the A.E.F. and from all branches of the service, with a liberal sprinkling of adoptions by individual soldiers from almost every rank from private to colonel, answers which voiced the will and the generosity of the A.E.F. to help these 500 children into whose lives have come so early the harsh realities and sufferings of war.

Proper Spirit Here

"If I cannot engage this year in the ancient and honorable custom of giving Christmas presents to those who do not need them very badly, I can, at least, give a present to some one who does need one by adopting a little orphan," wrote one new grandfather in the letter accompanying his 500 franc contribution. And the words of opinionion the sentiment expressed in many other letters received from O.D. Santa Claus.

The receipt of 88 contributions for the fathering and Christmas cheer of 88 children breaks all previous weekly records for the adoption of war orphans by the A.E.F., surpassing by more than a score the previous high water mark set last summer, when one regiment of Infantry from Ohio swelled the total by becoming parrains to 54 children at one time.

It is a fatal reverse for old General Want and his chief of staff, General Despair, whose troops, until the generous A.E.F. have been in sight, were getting a pretty firm foothold in some fatherless French homes.

One of the week's adoptions was by a young lady, a granddaughter of an old President of the United States, who, despite the youth of the French orphan which has been assigned to her, is somewhat the junior of her ward. We are not just exactly certain of the age of this young lady, but it is a matter of weeks. She is Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft of Rose Hill, Waterbury, Conn., U.S.A., and her intermediary in the adoption was her father, Lieut. Charles P. Taft, Jr.

"Address All Communications—"

"Please find enclosed a money order that ought to yield 500 francs," wrote Lieut. Taft. "This, as you might suspect, is for the adoption of one war orphan. I'm not particular about the race, color or previous conditions of servitude of this young sir or madame. In explanation, I may say that the news of the arrival of a brand new and healthy daughter some weeks ago called for some kind of a celebration. So all communications on the part of the orphan will be addressed to Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft, as well as any credit for this contribution."

And so Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft becomes a mairaine, the youngest on the rolls of the A.E.F.

Lieut. Taft was not the only one to adopt a child in another's name. One Yank—and here's a tip for all of the lovers in the A.E.F.—sent in his contribution in the name of his best girl back in the States. Pretty clever, isn't it? So all communications on the part of the orphan will be addressed to Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft, as well as any credit for this contribution."

And so Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft becomes a mairaine, the youngest on the rolls of the A.E.F.

Don't Let This Get Very Far

Even the official letter readers of the A.E.F. turned their eyes from the first envelopes and came out from behind their screen of anonymity at the mention of Christmas Gift War Orphans. The detachment of the Base Censor's office became a parrain.

A major in the Medical Department adopted a child to celebrate the first anniversary of his arrival in France.

"I don't know how I could more fitly celebrate it," he wrote. "Please pick me out one that no one else wants. I had been looking for presents for my wife and boy for Christmas when I saw your appeal. I shall make this my Christmas present to them."

Co. K.—Inf., wrote:

"Co. K comes across for two of your
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THE BEST CHRISTMAS BOX OF ALL



S.O.S. SETS RECORD IN BANNER MONTH, 767,648 TON TOTAL

Soldier Landed Every 8 1/2
Seconds, 433 an Hour,
in September

Figures for September, just made available, show the attaining of a new high record in the handling of business by the S.O.S.

The American base ports handled 767,648 tons, a daily average of 25,888 tons, which represents a daily increase of nearly 10 per cent over the August figures themselves.

As previously announced at Washington, troops disembarked numbered 311,969, an increase over August of 10,443. This means that throughout September 10,308 American soldiers landed every day, or 433 every hour—one soldier every 8 1/2 seconds night and day during the whole month.

On the same reckoning, nearly a quarter of a ton of material was being handled every second by soldiers toiling at the ports. Tonnage figures also show that each man working on a 10-hour schedule unloaded an average of two and six-tenths tons during September.

10,000 Cars in Service

Rolling stock added to American equipment in France showed another considerable increase, raising the number of American locomotives in service to well over a thousand and the number of cars to well over 10,000. All of these are operating in the chain of transportation that is taking men and supplies forward. One of the largest ports handled 271,796 tons of supplies in the 30-day period.

Engineers working in one car construction shop broke all previous records in a day when they turned out 125 American standard freight cars—more than enough to handle a day's supplies for an entire division. A locomotive erection shop also exceeded all old marks by putting into service an average of eight big locomotives every day.

SHOE PRICES FIXED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 10.—The War Industries Board has brought about an agreement with the shoe industry, fixing maximum prices for shoes after October 15. There are three grades of qualities and prices. The first grade is \$9 to \$12, the next grade \$6 to \$8.50, and the third grade from \$3 to \$5.50.

JOIN THE S.O.L. CLUB

Statistics show that a lot of the Army is S.O.L. on something most of the time. It may be sex, it may be music, it may be shoes, it may be anything. To be S.O.L. is to be in an unenviable position.

THE STARS AND STRIPES intends to make that position, in at least one particular, a highly enviable one.

Fifty hundred and twenty-five copies of the Fourth Liberty Loan Special Extra of THE STARS AND STRIPES, a million and a half copies of which were printed and distributed in New York City at the opening of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, have reached France. They are better souvenirs of the war than Boche helmets. They will be sold at five frames a copy.

We expect at least 5,250 answers. That means that only one man in ten can get a copy. We intend, if the nine S.O.L. men will let us, to keep the five frames just the same and add it to the Christmas Gift War Orphans fund. If any of the nine want their money back, they can have it.

Please address the envelope in which you place your five frames to THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

On October 22 the names of all the soldiers in the A.E.F. who have sent in a hat, and the lucky 525 who really get copies of the Special Extra will be drawn therefrom.

PAY BOOKS OCTOBER 31

The new army pay books will be in the possession of every enlisted man in the A.E.F. by October 31, and not October 1, as was originally planned. Difficulties encountered in the issuing of the 4,000,000 books and envelopes are responsible for the delay.

The large number of books needed made the problem of paper, labor and transportation one that took weeks in the solving. The big French bindery house that had the work in hand lacked sufficient men, and 40 American soldiers were put on the job to help out.

It needed a wide search to locate the 10,000 rolls of molskinn required for the covers. The book paper consumed 550 reams of paper and the cover 300 reams, the cover paper being used to strengthen the molskinn.

On October 7 the shipments of the books to every unit were completed, and the individual distribution will take place between now and the end of the month.

Men in hospital are already being cared for by the Q.M.

HINDENBURG LINE NOW WELL BEHIND ADVANCING YANKS

Gains Along British Front
Made in Face of Bitter
Resistance

With the Hindenburg line definitely broken from below St. Quentin to above Le Cateau and no longer an obstacle to the Allied advance in Picardy, the American soldiers who, in the last week of September, played one of the leading and most valorous roles in piercing and rending asunder this formidable German defense system are continuing to batter their way eastward against no less redoubtable positions beyond.

Last Tuesday morning, when the whole 20-mile front from Cambrai to St. Quentin blazed again into battle, the Yanks—men of the 30th Division, made up of Tennessee, North Carolina and South Carolina troops—with their backs to the ground upon which they had won their hard-fought conquest nine days earlier, went over the top again.

Following tanks and a rolling barrage, they kept abreast of the Allies on both flanks and, without pause, captured the towns of Brancourt and Prement and fought their way further toward Bohain, taking more than 1,000 prisoners and, among other booty, two complete batteries of German 105's, which were promptly turned against the enemy.

Weather Clears in Time

All during the night that preceded the attack the Americans stood in a cold, piercing rain. The signal to start came with the first light of dawn, and with it came a clearing of the weather, leaving the ground fairly hard.

The attack was met with light artillery resistance, as some of the Boche gunners, taking time by the forelock, hunched up and hustled rearward, and by rearguard action which was exceedingly stern in patches.

Many machine gunners fought as valiantly as ever, yielding only after fierce hand to hand fighting. On the other hand, many Germans showed an eagerness to surrender which was totally absent in the fighting of the previous days when the Boche soldiers had the strong defenses of the Hindenburg line to bolster their fading hopes.

One German captain, wearing on his bosom an iron cross, first class, surrendered with 20 men of his command to three doughboys, armed only with revolvers, who strayed into his dugout.

Many are the stories of American gallantry.

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WHOLE BATTALION, BOCHE ENCIRCLED, RELIEVED AT LAST

Troops Caught in Argonne
Rescued After Six
Foodless Days

NO THOUGHT OF SURRENDER

Major Who Shaved Regularly
Grub Around When Bearded
Yanks Come Out

One of the great adventures of this war reached a happy ending in the early hours of Monday evening when relief came through rain and darkness to a battalion of American soldiers that for six unforgettable nights had been surrounded by German forces in that blighted jungle which is known as the Forest of the Argonne.

The story of that siege, the story of the dreadful suffering borne with a high and undaunted spirit, the story of the defense and rescue when it can be told in full, will take its place in history alongside the relief of the men who were under an American heartbeats for centuries to come.

From the night of Wednesday, October 2, to the night of Monday, October 7, that battalion was isolated on the northern slope of a bleak, unsheltered ravine with the German army and the American soldiers who, in the last week of September, played one of the leading and most valorous roles in piercing and rending asunder this formidable German defense system are continuing to batter their way eastward against no less redoubtable positions beyond.

When night settled over the forest on Monday last their situation was desperate. What little food they had had with them was spent on the second day. For three days they had been eating plums of tobacco and chewing on the bark of underbrush. For water they had to depend on a muddy stream at the bottom of the ravine and on one clear, grateful spring that bubbled there invitingly; but each trip to it meant exposure to snipers. More than one doughboy fell in fetching water. What few blankets and overcoats had been taken down in the first, fine rush which carried the ravine had long since gone to wrap around the wounded. For their dead and wounded lay with them on the hillside.

Three Attacks Fought Off

They were drenched to the skin and weak from hunger and long exposure to the chill October wind. They had fought off three savage attacks—fought them off with their own machine guns, their own rifles and bayonets, their own hand grenades—but by the sixth night their store had so dwindled that there was little chance of their resisting successfully another attack.

They knew in their hearts and knew by their senses that the rest of the Americans, not more than 1,200 meters below them in the forest, were trying to reach them. They had seen planes come looking for them in the infernal forest. They had seen planes shot down in the effort to reach them. They had heard from time to time the sound of heavy firing nearby. They knew that the effort to reach them had been and would be unrelenting, but there had come to the stoutest heart the doubt that they would come in time. Yet in all that besieged battalion there was none who thought for one moment of surrendering to the encircling enemy.

The battalion waited its fourth attack without much hope, for its stock of ammunition was low and the men were weak they could hardly drag themselves to their feet. Some had written little letters of farewell to their folks and in these last hours each was entrusting his to some pal on the chance that the pal might get through alive.

There were some blinks and shivers. Little unchronicled deeds of kindness the week had witnessed. Here and there men promised to kill each other if it came a question of capture.

Rations for the Boys

Then suddenly out of the darkness voices were heard calling, "Major Whittlesey!"

The boys along the line could hear him answering from his hole in the ground. "Major, we've got here!" The whistles were exultant. "We're up on your right. We're here!" Then a pause. "Are—have you brought some rations for the boys?"

There was a moment of absolute silence, and then all along the side of the ravine could be heard gusts of hysterical laughter. Relief had come.

The besieged battalion had gone forward on the night of the 2nd and taken up its position with orders to hold it. Into some strongly fortified German trenches just to the rear there filtered a powerful German force, how powerful can be guessed from that fact that when that trench was finally carried, a colonel, two majors, and their entire staff were among the prisoners.

Major Whittlesey, when the dawn of October 3 showed that he was cut off, sent back runners with a report on his position. The runners fell in their courses. He sent up pigeons, and it was

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ARGONNE BATTLE IN SECOND PHASE, HARDEST JOB YET

Germany's Best Thrown in
to Check Advance on
Vital Points

NEARER KRIEMHILDE LINE

Single Yank Division, Pitted Against
Four of Foe, Goes Four Kilo-
meters in 48 Hours

The battle of Argonne, which was launched on September 26, entered upon its second phase on the morning of Friday, October 4.

By that time, the Artillery, straining forward through a waterless, shelterless, trackless wilderness, had caught up at last with the Infantry, which, in the first savage shove, had fought, slashed, chewed and torn its way to a depth in some places, as great as 12 kilometers. By that time the guns had all caught up with the doughboys and so, under shelter of the heavy, almost impenetrable mist which overlay all that tortured countryside on Friday morning, the doughboys went forward.

With during enemy planes swooping suddenly down on them out of the ominous, low-hanging, clouds, with the enemy guns spraying and ripping up their path, with enemy machine guns opening up on them not by scores nor hundreds but by thousands, the doughboys went forward. Before the sun had gone down on the second day, they had moved ahead all along the line and in some places wrested another four kilometers of withered France from the German grip.

By the 14th day of the battle, the force of the American pressure was increasing rather than slackening. A converging movement was in full progress and the advance towards Romagne in the center was continuing, attended by as heavy and sustained a pounding of guns as has ever been known in the history of American artillery.

Meanwhile, on Tuesday, to the obvious surprise of the enemy, the attack suddenly extended across the Meuse to what had previously been its peaceful eastern bank.

There at dawn, French and American troops started a fight that moved the line for some six kilometers, reclaiming several more villages, and roped in a tidy group of German and Austrian soldiers, of which 1,400 were credited by sundown of the first day to the American troops, engaged.

Resistance Never More Bitter

The Argonne advance is by far the hardest job that has been assigned to the American soldier since he sailed from his far-away home. Never in this war has the American Army, or any part of it, made its way over a battlefield so difficult, struck at the German power in a point so vital, fought against a German resistance so desperate. Not at St. Mihiel, not on the Cote, nor on the Vesle was the opposition so grim.

Hurried from the four corners of the battlefield, the best the Germans can boast have been thrown in one after another to bar the American advance to the west of the winding Meuse.

One dogged, self-possessed American division, whose magnificent history can never be fully told till this war is done, was met, in the course of the 48 hours which opened the second stage of the battle, by four German divisions, a division—the somewhat wilted flower—of the German army, and yet that division, heaving its way northward just to the east of the Argonne Forest, managed somehow to move forward four kilometers during these two days.

As in Primitive America

Big German guns boomed away at them. Ahead of them, hidden in every nook and cranny of that blighted country, were machine guns manned by men under orders not to yield a meter of it, not to yield an inch of it—hundreds upon hundreds of those great man-killers of the war which had to be resisted blindly or to be overcome by tanks or, more often, to be stalked warily, cunningly, craftily as the Redskins stalked their foe in primitive America.

It seemed not to dismay these battalions to meet such opposition. Rather they went forward, resolute in the knowledge that such resistance there in Argonne meant just much less resistance to the victorious sweep of the Allied Armies over by Rheims and all along the western front to Flanders.

They fought on in the knowledge that just ahead of them lay a defensive line that came to be known as the Hindenburg line, a line of wooded crests which the little town of Romagne-sous-Montfaucun as their focal point.

The Kriemhilde Line

This line, named after Kriemhilde, is somewhat reinforced by long-standing trenches on which, during the past fortnight, the enemy has been hard at work. But to look there for any such complete system of artificial defense as Hindenburg reared against the British to the north and named after himself would be like looking for barbed wire on Gibraltar.

With fighting, savage, bitter fighting in progress every hour of the day and night along the whole 20 miles that stretch westward from the Meuse, it is difficult to get along here the story of each mile to report, while it is still being wrought, the epic of such assaults as those made on the hills near Exermont and Montville, the clearing out of the Bois de La Morin, the taking of Gesnes, or the amazing battle which has been waged for so long here, the story of the Forest of Argonne by troops from New York, fighting none the less grimly because they have learned the treachery of the men opposing them—learned it, for instance, by such a sorry episode as that which attended the taking of the Abri of St. Louis, when a hundred Germans, running out with cries of "Kamerad!" and all the now-familiar yelps of surrender, proved at closer range to be troops armed with hand grenades which they hurled at the still too trusting Americans.

When the veil of the censorship is

IOWA FIRST OVER AS NATION SPEEDS TO TAKE UP LOAN

Oregon Second State to
Subscribe Quota, Both
on First Day

CUBA AND PANAMA BUYING

South Dakota of German Descent
Takes Town's Whole Allotment
to Aid Son at Front

BY J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS
AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Oct. 10.—Iowa was first
of the top, subscribing her quota of
the Fourth Liberty Loan on the first
day of the drive, collecting \$148,920,500
against a quota of \$147,100,000. Oregon
clamored by wire to Washington, de-
manding to know how Iowa stood, and
came in almost neck and neck, but
missed by the mere margin of a few
hundred.

The first day of the loan Hawaii
whooped it up with a subscription of
\$3,461,800. Fifty California communi-
ties grabbed honor flags before sunset.
Admiral Cowie, director of the loan
campaign in the Navy, reported that
\$2,000,000 was subscribed right off the
beat.

In Wheeling, W. Va., all but one of
1,000 coal mine employees bought in
honor in the first five minutes of the
drive. In Great Falls, Mont., men,
women and children filed past the
boxes to register their subscriptions,
and the town's quota was oversubscribed
in the first 30 minutes.

Good old Bourbon County, Ky., for-
giving the national ban on its famous
tippie, oversubscribed its quota in the
first few hours. Kern County, Cal.,
beat Bourbon to it, though. The
theater audiences in New York, on the
first evening of the drive, subscribed
\$500,000.

On the drive's second day, New Eng-
land came along strong with \$67,128,000,
and Massachusetts alone raised
\$45,600,000. The New York Federal
Reserve District reported \$87,601,250,
raised in the first two days of the cam-
paign.

War Exhibit Trains Help
The 24 war exhibit trains, moving
through the country, kept things boom-
ing. The one in the Chicago Federal
Reserve District collected over
\$2,000,000. A South Dakota farmer of
German descent subscribed his town's
whole allotment—\$12,000—all by him-
self, declaring that he wants his boy in
the trenches to know that he backs him
to the hilt.

On the third day gave a total of
\$111,142,000 for the whole country. The
Boston district came through with
\$100,000,000. Massachusetts alone re-
ached \$62,000,000. Arkansas reported half
her quota collected, with less than half
her counties out from the front. The Mare
Island Navy Yard irritated the other
navy yards by raising \$715,000, all out
of its own pocket.

On the fourth day Iowa was still
plunging ahead, kicking dust in the
other States' eyes. The Minneapolis dis-
trict reported that all the States in its
jurisdiction were fast approaching their
quotas. Forty-seven communities in the
Cleveland Reserve District and 22 com-
munities in New England hoisted honor
flags, and ten cities and five counties in
Michigan went over the top.

Half Billion Mark Passed
The subscriptions among the Detroit
factory workers were four times heavier
than at the same stage of the last loan.
At the close of business Boston reported
\$24,000,000 from the Bean City alone,
and more coming. Asheville and Bun-
combe Counties, N. C., oversubscribed
their quotas, and Admiral Cowie re-
ported a \$4,500,000 mark for the Navy.

The fifth day saw the country pass
the half billion mark, with a total of
\$626,500,000. Toledo reached its quota
with 72,000 people subscribing \$10,000,
000.

On the sixth day Oregon reached a
30 per cent oversubscription, and re-
ported more individual subscribers than
during the last loan campaign. Mont-
ana went over the top with a good
oversubscription, and more coming fast.
Northern Michigan reached its quota,
and the whole nation had subscribed
with a total of \$855,133,000.

The St. Louis district led all the
others in the percentage of its quota
subscribed by the sixth day, having sold
42 per cent of its \$260,000,000 allotment.
Boston was second in the race; San
Francisco, third; Minneapolis, fourth;
Chicago, fifth; New York, sixth; Phila-
delphia, seventh; Richmond, eighth;
Dallas, ninth; Cleveland, tenth; Atlan-
ta, eleventh and the Kansas City District
yet to be heard from.

Over the Billion Mark
New York's percentage is the only
thing it is low in. The actual amount
raised in the district in the first four
days of the drive was \$183,346,750, and
the district wants its fellow citizens to
take notice that New York's quota this
time is \$1,500,000,000, within
\$200,000,000 of the whole amount of the
first Liberty Loan for the whole country.

On the seventh day the nation broke
over the billion mark, with \$1,007,611,650
subscribed, the St. Louis district passing
half its quota, Boston reaching one-
third of its allotment, Minneapolis close
to one-third, San Francisco about one-
quarter, and Kansas City collecting
quietly but with the subscriptions not
officially started until next week.

Boston reported that 145,136 people
had bought bonds up to the seventh day
in the Federal Reserve District. Ninety
New England communities reached their
quotas. Massachusetts still led the New
England States with \$92,507,000 sub-
scribed.

Cincinnati was two days ahead of its
scheduled daily quotas on that same
memorable seventh day. Connecticut, Ohio,
had sold to 4,112 people out of a total
17,000 population.

Honor Flags Everywhere
The names of the New York City firms
and trades that have signed up 100 per
cent of their employees all columns in
the newspapers. Fifty-seven towns in
the New York district have won honor
flags, and 12 have won stars for 50 per
cent oversubscription.

On the eighth day, the National As-
sembly of Panama suspended its session
while two senators successfully touched
each member, following it up by equal
success with the cabinet. Canal Zone
workers arrived at the \$800,000 mark on
their way to a \$1,000,000 quota.

Chicago called the eighth day after
raising \$10,000,000, which made her to-
tal \$70,000,000. The New York District
reached \$268,008,000, with one life in-
surance company subscribing \$6,000,000.

RAINBOW GLEAMS AS YANKS THRUST EAST OF RHEIMS

Blanc Mont Falls to Am-
ericans Who Attack
With French

FOE USES MIXED TROOPS

Battalion Captures 273 Huns and
75 Machine Guns Without a
Single Casualty

American troops helped General Gouraud's French Army shatter the German
menace to Rheims when they stormed
and captured Blanc Mont, a fortified
ridge northeast of the city. The Ameri-
cans took this ridge in two hours, charg-
ing up a half mile of cratered chalk hill-
side strewn with blasted trees.

Late Tuesday, while the Americans
were still going forward against stiff re-
sistance and the 2,500 prisoners they had
taken were being augmented by dribbles
of German guard and jaggers, a rain-
bow broke against the clouds away from
the setting sun, and the battle was
fought on between the rainbow and a
western sky that was brazen and red.

Aided by French and American artiller-
y, the Yanks fought their way to the foot
slopes of the heights. Then while guns
big and little were still playing on the
crest, they leaped over trunks of trees
freshly blasted, clambered over pits dug
by shells in the soft chalk gravel, hopped
through brambles of barb wire, skirted
a ravine full of enemy machine guns,
and charged straight at the crest de-
fended by machine guns and underlain
by a tunnel system. On that crest they
captured German machine gunners in
concrete and steel cages who had been
firing with the aid of periscopes.

At the end of that charge, the tide of
German prisoners flowed on the roads
at the backs of the Americans. Scarcely
pausing, the Americans pressed on, a
kilometer at a time, day after day, un-
til Tuesday they were firmly holding St.
Etienne.

General Gouraud Visits P.C.

General Gouraud himself visited the
American post of command and paid a
tribute to the ability of the American
soldiers. General Foch, too, wired an
appreciation of the "audacious ad-
vance."

It was estimated that six German di-
visions were opposed to the Americans
in their six days' fighting. At any rate,
the prisoners represented such a scat-
tering of regiments that the French
were terming the captives "the salad."
The Prussian Guards were there, some
of them known as Wilhelm's Own. The
green lizards were there, too, many
of them—jagers in their green uni-
forms.

Illustrative of the swiftness of the
American advance was the capture
west of Blanc Mont by one American
battalion, commanded by Capt. George
K. Schuler, of 299 German soldiers,
officers and 75 machine guns. The
American battalion did this without a
single casualty of its own, a happening
said to be almost unprecedented in this
war.

The capture was accomplished by an
enveloping movement close upon the
barage, and the Germans found them-
selves trapped in holes, with American
rifles and machine guns around them.
There was still another unprecedented
happening. A French officer came back
into Souain marveling—he had seen an
American soldier heading together a
German artillery staff which he had cap-
tured single-handed, one major, one cap-
tain, seven lieutenants and 22 privates.
Corporal Fred D. Hubbell, of Toledo,
Ohio, gets the official credit for this feat,
which happened on the morning of Oc-
tober 3.

What Corporal Hubbell Did

Corporal Hubbell's company had run
across a series of dugouts of German
artillery officers and had taken a few
prisoners who said there were no more
Germans underground. A half hour
later, while Corporal Hubbell's company
was encountering machine gun resis-
tance and expecting a counter-attack,
the Ohio boy was crouching in a dugout
entrance. He tells what happened.
"I saw a German private stick his head
out of the door behind me," he said. "I
told him to put up his hands, but he
jumped back. I heard him speaking
to me in English, and finally per-
suaded him to come out. He said there
were 30 others in the dugout. I told
him there were plenty of Americans all
around me, and the Germans all might
as well surrender. He said he'd go down
and talk to them."

"He went down, but didn't come back.
After a short time I yelled down I was
going to throw a hand grenade. I
waited, but nobody came up. There
were several dugout entrances near, and
I was afraid they might catch me from
behind, so I moved to the left where I
could see all the entrances."

"In a minute another Heine stuck
his head out and ducked back. I was
getting real leary. Just then an officer
appeared at another dugout steps with
a pistol in his hand, apparently looking
for me. I was lucky I had moved. When
he saw me he was so surprised he tumbled
over backwards down the steps."

"Then I ran to the steps and yelled
again I was going to throw down hand
grenades if they didn't come out. The
private who spoke English finally came
up and stood at the entrance and passed
on my orders. Pretty soon they began
to come out with their hands in the air."

"When I had them all lined up and
the other boys arrived, the English-
speaking private told me that when he'd
gone down the first time and told the
officers there was only one American
outside they were furious. They weren't
going to surrender to one American pri-
vate. They ordered the private to sneak
out and shoot me, but he refused."
"All the Germans had been caught in
their dugouts by our barrage, they said."

SOFT COAL QUOTA SCALE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Oct. 10.—The Fuel Ad-
ministration has arranged a weekly
quota of production with the bituminous
mines.

West Virginia miners and operators
have joined in a pledge to mine
2,000,000 tons this month. Two hun-
dred Pennsylvania mines volunteer a
weekly production of 400,000 tons. The
Ohio district has guaranteed a weekly
production of 450,000.

Not a single mine or district has
failed to respond, and all guarantee an
increased production. Many workers
are voluntarily working overtime to
maintain or exceed the quota.

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

This is the slogan of a campaign
which THE STARS AND STRIPES
has inaugurated to accomplish, be-
tween now and Christmas, the
adoption of at least 500 children mas-
cots by the A.E.F. units and mem-
bers—a campaign to secure food,
clothing, comfort, schooling for 500
little French children whose fathers
have paid the supreme price for
liberty.

We are out to give at least 500
little French boys and girls A
CHRISTMAS PRESENT WHICH
WILL LAST A WHOLE YEAR.

We have these children listed,
photographed, investigated by the
American Red Cross—a ready for
adoption. And we offer them to the
O.D. Santa Clauses from overseas—
FIVE HUNDRED CHRISTMAS
GIFT WAR ORPHANS AT 500
FRANCS EACH.

One hundred and twenty-five
Christmas Gift War Orphans have
now been adopted. There remain
375 little boys and girls all in dire
need of even the barest comforts,
to be provided for. Not one has suf-
ficient warm clothing for the winter
months—and Christmas only ten
weeks away.

An average of at least 37 chil-
dren a week must be taken by the
A.E.F. in that time. What is going
to be our answer to these little
orphans whose only source of help
and happiness we are?

ALLIES ADVANCE IN MANY ATTACKS

Germans Withdraw from
Sectors Flanked in
Victorious Drives

On the flaming battle front in the
West the week has seen a continuous
succession of Allied attacks and ad-
vances, with three German withdrawals
in sectors which were not being attacked
frontally and plans made for another
withdrawal.

The great bulge west of Lille, rendered
precarious by the advance of Belgians
and British in the north and by the
British advance in the south, has been
evacuated to a depth that has brought
the British to within four miles of the
greatest city in Northern France.

North of the Vesle the Germans have
also recoiled, followed closely by the
French. The French attack in Cham-
pagne, which has progressed well during
the week, has also compelled the evacua-
tion of the famous Monts de Cham-
pagne, east and northeast of Reims, and
that stricken city is now entirely freed
after four years of encirclement.

The Germans are also without ques-
tion preparing to withdraw along some
of the Belgian coast. They are reported
to have removed their heavy guns from
Ostend, one of the two great bases for
naval, particularly submarine, opera-
tions.

The Americans, continuing their at-
tacks east of the Argonne, have made
progress in the forest tract and to the
east, and on Wednesday attacked and
gained ground east of the Meuse, direct-
ly north of Verdun. Americans have also
fought with the French in western
Champagne and in the tremendous and
successful British attacks between Cam-
brai and St. Quentin, both recaptured.

TO SPEND 24 BILLIONS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]
AMERICA, Oct. 10.—Whip and spur
are in action to hurry the great
\$8,000,000,000 revenue bill through the
Senate, and every effort will be made to
pass it before election.

Secretary McAdoo says in a letter to
the Senate urging hurry that the Gov-
ernment expenditures during the fiscal
year to come will be at least
\$24,000,000,000, and other estimates,
based on the new Army, Navy and ship-
building estimates, suggests that our ex-
penditures may reach \$38,000,000,000.

New Arrival—Learnin' any French,
Jim?
Jim (also new arrival)—Well, I ain't
had any trouble readin' the time on
their clocks.

**HOTEL
PLAZA-ATHENE**
25 Avenue Montaigne,
PARIS

+

AMERICAN RED CROSS HOME SERVICE FOR SOLDIERS

This Free Service is at your disposal

Are You Worried?

- About not hearing from home—
- About Family Matters—
- About Business Affairs—
- About Allotments and Allowances—
- About Anything at home you cannot care for yourself—

Home Service has representatives in Your Home Town who
will help you. Tell your troubles to the Home Service and
stop worrying. The Red Cross will act confidentially and
report to you promptly. Talk to the nearest A.R.C. Home
Service man, or write to

Home Service Division American Red Cross,
4 Place de la Concorde, Paris, France.

WHOLE BATTALION, BOCHE ENCIRCLED, RELIEVED AT LAST

Continued from Page 1

these carriers of the air who carried the
tidings to the other Yanks in the forest.
Attack after attack was then made
by cooped by company regiments. Relief
instructions were rushed through the
air. Airplanes went over again and
again to drop munitions, bandages and,
that best of all iron rations, chocolate.

Such was the lay of the wooded ravine,
work still though blindfolded. One great
package of supplies did come near its
mark, but the doughboys who tried to
crawl out and get it were killed by
watching snipers from across the ravine.
Several planes were brought down, one
pilot was killed and two observers were
wounded in the effort to aid through
the air to the surrounded bat-
talion.

Obedience to Orders

Not once did that battalion try to
fight its way back. It had been ordered to
take the position and hold it. The
battalion obeyed orders.

Afterwards, when the men had been
relieved and had come out white, emac-
iated, unrecognizable in their black
growth of beard, the talk among them
was all of Major Whittleser. Sixty-nine
officers and men had been left dead on
a hillside in the forest. The 304 soldiers
leave the ravine alive, 156 were wounded.
Those too badly hurt or too weak were
carried eventually to a sorting station
on the edge of the forest, a beautiful
abbey reared by pious hands 900 years
ago.

There, huddled in blankets under a
candle-lit statue of Jesus of the Sacred
Heart, they looked like figures in some
immortal pageant of suffering. But
their proud talk was all of their Major.
How he had kept up their spirits by his
hourly message of "Keep cool, men,"
and still more by his own unflinching
serenity. How the very sight of him
shaving himself regularly each day was
a calming spectacle. How, though it
was perilous to move along the ravine,
he managed somehow to see each man
each day. That was the story the
wounded told. One doughboy, cradling
a bandaged arm, put it this way: "We
held out because he did. We was all
right if we could see him once a day."

Somebody to See the Major

There was more food at 10 o'clock
Monday night, and corned willy never
tasted so wonderful. The Major's orderly
—he was in the dressmaking business on
Fifth Avenue before the war—was try-
ing with his wounded hand to comb the
mud out of a newly acquired beard
when he heard a gruff voice demand-
ing, "Major!"

"Everybody wants him; who is it
now?" he answered warily, and then
scrambled to his feet when he saw that
the inquirer wore two stars on his
shoulders.

"Oh, sir, he's down the line handing
out food with his own hands. I'll bring
him to you."

"Bring him nothing," said the general.
"I'll go to him."

"What's the idea of all this camou-
flage along the road?"

"Don't you know? It's to keep
the cooties from knowin' when we move
camp."

WALK-OVER SHOES

34 Boulevard des Italiens
19-21 Boul. des Capucines
PARIS

All soldiers are wel-
come at the WALK-
OVER Stores, where
they can apply for any
information and where
all possible services of
any kind will be ren-
dered free of charge.

LYONS, 12 Rue de la République
NAPLES, 215 Via Roma
The WALK-OVER "French Conversation"
Book and Catalogue will be sent gratis
any soldier applying for it.

K.P. TRAILS CHIEF WHILE SHELLS BURST

Boy Who Toted General's
Chow Proves Faithful
Unto Death

There is little glory in carrying chow
across a shell swept battle field, but the
chow was for the general and his divi-
sional staff, and of course a general and
his staff must eat. That is why Private
Dempsey paid no heed to the bursting
shells and walked straight across the
field, morning, noon and night, to the
advanced divisional P.C.

For two days the general never missed
a meal. He ate at his usual meal time,
and always Private Dempsey insisted on
the general's telling him what he wanted
for the following meal.

At noon on the second day the general
was away at meal time and could not
give his order. That afternoon Private
Dempsey walked across the field amid
bursting shells to find out what the gen-
eral wanted for supper. A shell burst so
near him that it knocked him down, but
he got up and went on.

At the door of the general's headquar-
ters the K.P. stood at salute, waiting for
a recognition from the general, when a
shell struck near the P.C., and Private
Dempsey fell dead.

"I know the Kaiser's a hellion, and
all that, but I could almost forgive him
if it wasn't for one thing."
"What's the one?"
"He's the Crown Prince's father."

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RESTAURANT
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(Opposite Tuileries Gardens)
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LARGE SELECTION OF RAINCOATS, SHIRTS,
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BRANCHES: NANTES 29, RUE DES ARTS
GRENOBLE 33, AV. D'ALSACE LORRAINE

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Furnisher to Men **A. RAGON** Ladies' Pyjamas
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In peace times a
pleasant luxury
In war times a
fighting food-

Whitman's
Chocolates
Made in Philadelphia U.S.A.
Since 1842 by
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

DRILLS TAPS DIES, etc.
HIGH SPEED CARBON STEEL
MACHINE TOOLS

THE BUTTEROSI SYNDICATE
BUREAU: MAGASINS 147-149 AVENUE MALAKOFF, PARIS
BRANCHES: NANTES 29, RUE DES ARTS
GRENOBLE 33, AV. D'ALSACE LORRAINE

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Clothes

Saving for you fighters

WHEN we think of you men in England,
France and Italy who are doing the big
stirring things, this job of keeping business
going seems pretty prosaic for us fellows at
home.

But there are many things we can do for you
men; one of them is to save the resources you
need—wool for clothes, labor for war work.

So in all our national advertising we are ask-
ing men to buy clothes only when they need
them and when they do buy, to get only those
that last a long time and are guaranteed to satisfy.

We're making clothes that save
many of you men wore them in civil
life so you know what we mean.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Chicago U. S. A. New York

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1918.

9 x 4 x 3

Come The Powers That Be now, the same powers which, to save ship space, invented holeless macaroni and square molasses cans, and rule that we are to have sizeless Christmas packages.

Well, it's war, and there isn't much else to be said on the subject. Calculated in seven figures, the parcels aren't so sizeless as they seem. A couple of million Christmas packages, even if they are only a third the size of a shoe box, are going to take up, we should say roughly, the space that one million three-inch shells would occupy. They are going to fill an average size steamship.

Whether we would each rather have a Christmas package or a half interest in a three-inch shell going forward to help shorten the war is a toss-up. But there isn't any doubt that, given our choice between ten shiploads of Christmas packages and ten shiploads of shells, we should vote unanimously in favor of the latter.

So if the folks at home will just supplement that Christmas shipload with nine shiploads of shells—and we know they are going to do that and a whole lot more—we will count all ten as Christmas ships and, with befitting sentiment, exit in the occasion when, for the first time in history, 2,000,000 men, from millionaire to bootblack, were so unprecedentedly democratic that Santa Claus brought each of them the same sized package.

WRITE

The last words that most of us heard when the family's tearful goodbyes were said—there really isn't any reason why we should conceal any longer the fact that they were tearful—were probably these: "Don't forget to write."

Nobody has forgotten altogether. But lots of us have done the next best—or next worse—thing: Put off writing time and again until the days grew to weeks and the weeks to months.

America is in the war now as it never was before. The A.E.F. is fighting; tension here and at home is keyed to the highest pitch. People are anxious. Like good people everywhere, when they hear nothing, they assume the worst.

A letter home today, though it contain but a single sentence, may forestall a month of worry. It is as good as a Liberty Bond, and it accomplishes the same purpose—it helps to win the war.

BELGIUM

Had you asked any one, two weeks ago, where and what the Belgian front was, he would have told you that it was in that little corner of Belgium which Germany's massed legions have never been able to overrun, and that, what with the flooded Yser and the desolate sand dunes fronting the North Sea, you would go far to find such another bleak and inhospitable spot in all the line that stretches away to Switzerland.

Two days after the Franco-American attack on both sides of the Argonne had lighted the flame of battle that spread far and wide in the west, the Belgian Army, under the command of that gallant king without a country, Albert I, struck in a fierce and sudden lull, shattered resistance, captured many towns—and, more important than towns, redoubtable German positions—and, with a British Army on its right, dented in the great bulge in the north that now hangs like a cloud of impending doom over the greater bulge at whose core is Lille, the fourth city in France.

The Belgians now hold more of their country than they have held since 1914. The soil that is now theirs is still a pitifully small corner of the kingdom—perhaps a fortieth. But they have always held a quarter of the Belgian coast, and the German tenure of the rest is no longer so secure as it was.

The Belgian victory is, therefore, not altogether a victory of sentiment. Ask Ludendorff. Nobody ever accused him of being a sentimentalist.

OCTOBER 12

The hardy and far-sighted mariner from Genoa who, on October 12, 1492, sighted the coast of the little island of San Salvador, to his own immense satisfaction and the great delight of his water-wearied crew, would certainly rub his eyes in amazement if he should come back to earth on this approaching Columbus Day. Where his little peanut-shell fleet of caravels made their halting way across the uncharted ocean there now ride day after day great ships filled with fighting men and the stores to keep them fit, unerringly making for the coast of the Old Continent from which he set out to blunder into the outskirts of a New.

Columbus would see all this, and marvel; but when told that the ships came from a "mighty and puissant nation" to the north and west of the places of his discovery, a free nation of 100,000,000 souls bent on doing its part to the utmost to heal the ills of the Old World that he left, he would marvel even more at the fulfillment of the work which he unwittingly began. For he started out only hoping to find a short route to India; he helped countless oppressed thousands thereby to find a short route to freedom.

However much the newly arrived members of the A.E.F. may curse the memory of Columbus for having proved that the seasaw, seascy Atlantic could be crossed, however much they may say that they wish he had stayed at home and juggled with his eggs, the only nation that really harbors any grudge against him is Germany. That is the one great and cheering thought of this Columbus Day. To the Huns, Columbus will always stand out as the one, only and original trouble-borrower of all time.

And we are the trouble.

THINGS AT HOME

Things at home are all right, despite the contrary impression that an insidious German propaganda is trying to create. The voluntary rationing that our people took upon themselves last year has produced such good results that the meatless and wheatless days are going to be done away with in part. Sugar may be a bit scarce, but the old molasses jar is doing its duty like the good patriot that it is, while the maple trees of Vermont and points adjacent have dripped most loyally this year.

So much for the grub the home folks are getting. We needn't worry about them; they're not worrying about themselves. True, the old man may be a bit sore because Dr. Garfield has requested him not to crank up the fliv on Sundays and take Ma and Aunt Bessie over to call on the relatives at Scott's Swamp, but it will do him good to walk for a change, or to plant the tulip bulbs for next spring. Besides, it will save gasoline for the very necessary business of bringing extra ammunition up to the line.

What with the country clubs closed up and other conserving measures taken, there will be coal enough to go 'round this winter, and none of us need worry for fear that the folks may freeze. And as for the way they feel about this here war—Jeeroh! just watch how they're eating up the six billions of the Fourth Liberty Loan.

CANNING THE RAH-RAH

In the midst of these days when friendships between American men are being cemented by the comradeship of arms and being founded on mutual respect instead of birth or environment it makes most of us marvel to see a small group of people trying to keep, rather noisily, alive the ties of colleges, college fraternities and grown-up secret societies, as if they really mattered now. It makes us marvel even more when we learn that at home the colleges are turning themselves over lock, stock and barrel to the work of winning the war, and that the college fraternities, in many instances, are cutting out their activities altogether or at least greatly curtailing them.

College spirit is a fine thing, and the way in which it was fostered helped to build up in the men now in the Army and Navy that intense spirit of group loyalty without which no Army or Navy could hope to succeed. Fraternity spirit, too, is a fine thing, when it isn't carried to undemocratic excess. The same may be said of the grown-up secret societies. But, as some of our readers may have noticed, there is a large, healthy, vigorous and rather absorbing war going on not very far from here, and the chances are that in the years to come a man will prefer to be known as one of those who busted the Hindenburg line than as the man who set fire to dear old Prexy's woodshed or brought the cow into morning chapel.

It is high time that all of us, the young ones particularly, left our frat pins in our bedding rolls, our sheepskins and pass words in our trunks and forgot them. There will be plenty of time to rush freshmen, initiate Lawyer Stebbins and play tricks on old Doc Goopius after we have gotten through rushing Fritzies, initiating young Bill Hohenzollern and playing tricks on old Doc Ludendorff. So, for the sake of all of us, let's lay off the rah-rah and the hush stuff for the duration of the war.

OUR MONEY

There are many solicitous people back home who ask, now and then, what we do with our money.

While we can't, of course, account for every sou received and every sou expended, we can give them a fair sample of what the Army does with its spare cash, taking our figures from those compiled for a certain division, served by five canteens, during the month of August.

In four out of the five huts patronized the men sent home more money than they spent on themselves for canteen supplies. In the fifth hut the amount of merchandise sales was only a small percentage larger than the amount of remittances sent home.

Taking the five huts as a whole, 125,000 more francs were sent home than were spent at the counter.

One of the huts, whose business in all departments was the biggest of the five, reported that its patrons sent to America almost three times as much money as it received for sales.

These figures are typical of the sound common sense of the American soldier. Neither tight-fisted nor ultra-lavish, he doesn't stint himself on necessities, and yet he manages to remember generously his folks at home.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

Moreover, if the German Government should carry out its threat [to execute American prisoners of war captured with shotguns in their possession] in a single instance, it will be the right and duty of the United States to make such reprisal as will best protect the United States forces, and notice is hereby given of the intention of the United States Government to make such reprisal.

Thus is another German bluff called. The eye for an eye, man for a man doctrine invoked in this reply of our government to the Hun is not to be enforced for its own sake. It is a preventive measure, but it will be put into effect if it has to be.

We are in a position to put it into effect. Our captures of Germans are vastly larger than Germany's captures of Americans. If Germany wants her thousands well cared for, she must care equally well for our dozens.

The Army's Poets

"HOMMES 40, CHEVAUX 8"

Roll, roll, roll, over the rails of France, See the world and its map unfurled, five continents in your pants. What a noble trip, bolt and jog and far, Forty we, with equipment C, in one flat-wheeled box-car.

We are packed by hand, Shoved aboard in 'cans, Pour a little oil on us And we would be sardines.

Rations? Oo-la-la! and how we love the man Who learned how to intern our chow in a cold and clammy can. Beans and beef and beans, beef and beans and beef. Willie raw, he will win the war, take in your belt a reef.

Mess kits flown the coop, Cups gone up the spout, Use your thumbs for issue forks And pass the bull about.

Hit the floor for bunk, six hommes to one homme's place; It's no fair to the bottom layer to kick 'em in the face.

Move the 'cay's feet out of my left ear; Lay off, say, you are much too large; I'm not a bedsack, dear.

Lift my head up, please, From this bag of bread, Put it on somebody's chest, Then I'll sleep like the dead.

Roll, roll, roll, yammer and snore and fight, Traveling zoo the whole day through and bed-lam all the night. Four days in the cage, going from hither hence, Ain't it great to ride by freight at good old Uncle's expense?

Stewart M. Emery, A.E.F.

TO THE CHILDREN OF FRANCE

I wish you, children, playing round On this too-rudely trampled ground, Only the good things I would send To all the children I befriended.

But one wish circles all: To know Little of what your elders do, And somehow into the sunlight grow Out of the mists they stumble blindly through.

Pvt. R. R. Kirk, G-2, S.O.S.

AS THE TRUCKS GO ROLLIN' BY

There's a rumble an' a jumble an' a bumpin' an' a thud, As I wakens from my restless sleep here in my bed o' mud. 'N' I pull my blankets tighter underneath my shelter fly. 'N' I listen to the thunder o' the trucks rollin' by.

They're jumpin' an' they're humpin' through the ink's gloom o' night, 'N' I wonder how them drivers see without a glim o' light; I c'n hear the clutches roarin' as they throw the gears, an' the rattle o' the wheels, an' the radiators bollin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

There's some a-druggin' cannons, you c'n spot the sound all right—The rumblin' ones is heavies, an' the rattly ones is light; The clinkin' shells is pointin' up their noses at the sky. Oh, you c'n tell what's passin' as the trucks go rollin' by.

But most of 'em is packin' loads o' human Yankee freight. That'll slam the 'n' soft pedal ontuh Heine's Hymn o' Hate; You c'n hear 'em singin' "Dixie," and the "Sweet Bye-Bye," 'N' "Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?" as the trucks go rollin' by.

Some's singin' songs as, when I left, they wasn't even ripe (A-showin' 'at they's rookies wet ain't got a service stripe). But the same time they're good ole Yanks, and that's the reason why I likes the jazz 'n' barber shop o' the trucks a-rollin' by.

Just God and Gen'l Pershing knows where these here birds' trucks, Where them bumpin' trucks is bound for under camouflage o' night, Where they can't be seen across pitchers with their 'Fokkers in the sky. Of our changes o' location by the trucks a-rollin' by.

So, altho' my bed is puddles, an' I'm soaked through to the hide, My heart's out with them doughboys on their bouncin', singin' ride. They're bound for paths o' glory, or, p'raps, to fight 'n' die. God bless that Yankee cargo in the trucks a-rollin' by.

L. W. Suckert, 1st Lt., A.S., U.S.A.

UNTIL—

Itain and mud with a spray of blood, A meaning wind through the shattered trees; Rain and mud and the endless thud And crash that comes from the big H.E.'s. It ain't for fun and then for fame We plunge to the big advance; But it's all in the game—it's all in the game 'Till the Hun gets out of France.

A rain soaked night and a bitter fight, Where the dripping trees sing a dismal song; Where the flash of guns give the only light The Yank can use as he drives along. It ain't the light that a man might claim, Over the bloody soil, But it's all in the game—it's all in the game 'Till the final "Kamerad."

BILLETS

I've billeted in old New York, I've billeted in Maine; I've billeted in Sunny France, And billeted in Spain. I've billeted in the States now, I've billeted in old; And some were as neat as a royal court, And some were grand with mould.

I've billeted in grand hotels, With dazzling 'lectric light; I've billeted in haunted caves, Where dwell not the chief of night. And so to me has clearly come To know what billets are—How billets, never a la mode, A man's delights will mar.

Yet, though I like my 'lectric light, And lounge and spacious hall, The billet that I like the best, Do I have to eat and drink at all. The billet that I like the best, Nor window has nor door, And yet it brings more welcome warmth Than 'lectric bulbs galore.

The billet that I like the best! What thoughts and memories dear! It brings to mind the cheerfulness, 'Mid hours bleak and drear! The billet that I like, O love, Brings warming cheer from you, Because it's born with your heart—The simple Billet Doux.

Fra Guido, F.A.

THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES

They pick their way o'er the shell-pocked road As the evening shadows fall, And with a worn and weary gleam With awe at war's black pall.

The straggling strands of her snowy hair Are tossed in the wind's rude breath; His frail form shakes as the whistling gusts Sweep o'er the fields of death.

With straining eyes, hearts beating fast, They seek to gaze ahead, To where they left their little home When from the Hun they fled.

'Neath the heights of a hill overlooking the vale, Half-dim in a purple shade, They find the ruins of the home they came to view, And they hasten down the glade.

At last the town, the street and home! But God! Can it be this? This pile of stones, this hideous hulk, This gaping orifice?

The sun has set. The evening star Sends down its soothing light. Gone are the towers that their hearts are strong—'For God, for France, and Right!'

Sgt. Frederick W. Kurth, M.T.D.

COLD COMFORT



All-highest: "Cheer up, my good fellow, I will never desert you!"

A PATIENT'S PRAISE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The doughboys have a pretty rank sort of an existence at times, don't you think? When they're going right over open country into the face of machine gun fire and when they're down in shell craters, ducking the chance of another one hitting the same spot, or when they're received orders to move just as their old pedal extremities were about all in and they needed a rest, or when they are bombed from above and when they see their bunkies carried from vigorous life to eternity in less time than the telling takes, and all the rest of it—ain't it hell?

But there's another bunch of fellows, and their job's no cinch, and there's mighty little relief for them. Sometimes they meet with all the fuss of an attack or an advance, but get away from it, and the boys I mean are those who are keeping the hospitals of the S.O.S. going, and at many times they go rather keenly.

Life up front is a very unstable sort of affair, at best, and death is so common that it loses some of its sting through familiarity, and when a bunkie falls, doesn't it make the survivor more set in his purpose, and isn't there the ever-present feature of adventure and action to help pacify the appetites of the men which the insufficient supply of bully beef and spuds failed to appease? Many of our hospitals have no women nurses in them, and there a man lacks that motherly tenderness found in women and that being patient and attentive to the wants of others which has ever been very much a part of his life.

Just now I'm in such a hospital, and my ward is run by a sergeant and about six orderlies. There are beds for 27, and these men keep things going and frictionless day and night, and it's no piker's job.

There's only one ward in any hospital which is a meener place to work in than the place filled with patients suffering from dysentery, and here these big, healthy men are diligently, carefully and patiently making it easier for the men who have become so weak that they cannot control the action of their organs.

From early morning till late at night the same faces may be seen moving about the ward washing men, changing foul bandages, emptying rummies, cutting, stitching, and pulses, passing out medicine, bringing in food for the men on liquid, light and regular diets, and hearing them all ask for more, cleaning the dishes, heating water, tidying the ward or filling some fellow's water glass.

Why, there's one poor devil a few beds from mine who is just about a skeleton and is in need of constant attention, and the sergeant spends most of his time with him, and is on the spot when the fellow calls his half-hearted and strengthless "Sergeant, Sergeant!" and he's as well treated as he could be by his own folks, and so it is with the other fellows.

Nothing seems to be too much trouble for them, and I've never heard one of them growl at the rankiest, rottenest job a man can picture. They seldom smile, but they never frown.

And some day, when this game has been played, and we're all back home applauding the movies of our advance over Jerry's lines, I hope they'll find some way of choosing the fellows who are to make room for another, who work harder than most of the rest of us, and who are men to their backbones, but are seldom lauded.

Sgt. ARTHUR H. LYNN, A.S.

A WAY TO HELP

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

A few days ago I went into a store and found two Americans and a shopkeeper trying to arrive at an understanding across the counter. They were most certainly not arriving, in fact, both sides of the counter were in a state of exasperation at the imbecility of the other. It was a matter easily made understood to the ultimate satisfaction of all concerned.

In the A.E.F., and especially, in our service with the French Army, there are men who speak a fair conversational French. Why would it not be possible to recognize these men, at the discretion of their commanding officers, as unofficial interpreters? They could wear a small Sphinx head, for instance, on the right breast of their coat as indicative of their ability to help out.

As the numbers of the A.E.F. increase, we find ourselves in this service in contact with American units. To be sure, we act the interpreter often, but there are also times when one hesitates to butt in. With an obvious token visible, one could be called on when needed. It is merely a question of service for the facilitating of efficiency and understanding, and I rest the question.

RICHARD W. WESTWOOD, PVT. 1st Cl. S.S.U., U.S.A.A.S.

THE SINS OF BASEBALL

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

If baseball is to continue to be the national game in America, there must be a thorough housecleaning which shall remove those who aroused a patriotic prejudice against it by asking for the exemption of players and those who have avoided service by becoming shipbuilders and in other ways showing themselves unworthy of being called Americans.

I have found among the Americans in service in France a prejudice against the national game that was started when President Ben Johnson of the American League asked for the exemption of major league players, a prejudice which is steadily growing.

There are plenty of grounds for such feeling. It would have been just as reasonable for the billiard hall owners to have asked for exemption for pool players or for the National Tennis Association to have asked for exemption for tennis players.

Baseball will never be the national game again as it was before this war until those who have been the cause of the prejudice that caused THE STARS AND STRIPES to drop its sporting page have been removed from the conduct of the game. The minor leagues will not again consent to a governing body being composed of any one or body of men who brought about such prejudice.

When Provost Marshal General Crowder issued his "work or fight" order, the minor leagues decided to suspend play, so that not one man might be kept out of the service who might be helping to win the war. The major leagues continued to play.

Baseball is one of those who may not be familiar with the workings of professional baseball, I will explain that the minor leagues have an association of their own that acts as the governing body, known as the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues. The two major leagues have a governing body known as the National Commission. The commission acts as the final court of appeal, and thus dominates both the majors and the minors.

The minor leagues have suspended play until after the close of the war and have sent hundreds of players into service who otherwise perhaps might have continued playing until called by draft. The major leagues have

shown no such disposition, and the minors do not feel that any organization showing such an unpatriotic disposition should hereafter govern them to the extent they have in the past.

When the millions of young men who are now wearing khaki and hoping to win the war that is being waged to make this a decent world to live in return to America, they are going to carry prejudices with them that will make baseball an altogether different business proposition than it was before they left. Unless their sentiments change, very few, if any, leagues will be able to operate at a profit. It is for this reason that the minor leagues propose the following drastic measures:

A boycott on all players who quit baseball to go into some other occupation simply to escape service.

A refusal to accept as the final court of appeal any board which continues on its membership one who asked for the exemption of players or traded upon patriotic sentiment to the extent of declaring through the public press the intention of entering in government service without thereafter showing the least disposition to live up to the promise.

The National League is without a head at the present time. The minor leagues feel that it should, for the good of the game, select a successor to John K. Tener, a man whose attitude has reflected patriotism of the highest order, and who has not allowed himself to be dominated by the American League, as National League leaders have allowed themselves to be dominated.

The minor leagues propose a housecleaning that will remove from their councils men who have shown lack of sportsmanship, for those seem to have been the men who also have by their attitude stood in the way of progressive measures which have been along patriotic lines.

THE STARS AND STRIPES deserves praise for its stand in regard to baseball, and I present these conditions to place the minor leagues in the position they deserve to be placed so that the boys may understand.

E. W. Dickerson, President, Western League, and Member National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues.

MR. BAKER LOOKS IN

With a gasoline can as a rostrum, Secretary of War Baker, in the course of his recent inspection tour of the S.O.S., addressed an audience of some 2,000 negro Stevedores during their lunch hour. The speech, as well as the entire stage setting, was highly informal. Part of his audience lay sprawled upon the roof of a half-shaded warehouse overlooking the focal gasoline can, and nearly all of them went on munching the contents of their mess kits, as it was intended they should do.

The Secretary told them how proud the people at home all were of them and of their work—both their own people and the whole rest of the nation at large. He gave them a couple of good short stories that quickly surrounded him with an atmosphere of shining white teeth all set in a huge grin. And when he wound up by saying that he was going home to tell all the folks how well they had been doing, and how glad they all would be to have first hand news of them and the shove they were giving to the Army's supplies, he got such a hand as only strong and honestly calloused palms can give a speaker.

Both before and after the speech the Secretary visited with the men whom he saw at work on the docks, in the warehouses, asking questions right and left and getting much first hand information as to how the jobs were swung. In similar manner he covered another one of the ports and gave a brief talk to a group of white Stevedores there.

Perhaps the most impressive feature of his trip was that on his visit to the classification camp at Blois. There a battalion of Class B and C men, all of whom had been wounded in action and many of whom bore the ribbons of the Croix de Guerre or the D.S.C., was lined up for his inspection, together with their band, also formed of B and C men. The Secretary wouldn't hear of their being introduced to him as he put it, he felt it an honor to be introduced to them.

From the middle of the boxing ring and handstand combined, that is the glory and pride of the Blois camp, Mr. Baker told them how much their efforts had been appreciated by the nation, how greatly the nation stood in their debt, and how they would be marked men in their communities throughout all the next generation. In after years, he said, men would come home to their families and tell with pride and with a glow on their faces how they had met men who had fought at Belleau Wood, at Chateau-Thierry, at Soissons and

on the Vesle. The history of America was in their hands, for they had enlarged it and made it what it was today, a thing to fill every American with pride.

Though the battalion was drawn up in regular formation, and even when grouped around the stand so as to hear better was only at ease and not at rest, there was only one logical outcome for the occasion. That was three rousing cheers. And at ease or not at ease, attention or no attention, the Secretary, obviously moved by the tribute, had those three rousing cheers pealed at him as he drove away in his automobile with the officers who were conducting him.

PACKAGES AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am writing to you about a very much argued subject; and that is "Packages from Home." Please tell me why it is necessary for Mr. American Soldier to go through such a formality whenever he wants a package of goodies or tobacco of any kind, or anything that is within reason. That it is an impossibility to buy on this side of the water? Why is it necessary for us to have to go to the colonel of our regiment to get an O.K. on our orders? There are times when we are miles apart and unable even to see him, much less go to him personally.

Don't you believe that the colonel has enough to do without us fellows trailing after him, and then not getting a chance to see him at all?

Do you not firmly believe that the company C.O.'s can handle the matter? I believe they would gladly do it for the boys in their own companies.

Please make an inquiry into this matter and publish it in your paper, as I know it is a very vital subject to the A.E.F. fellows, especially the boys up here in the line.

Henry M. Secor, Pvt., Inf.

[The primary object of the regulations requiring the approval of regimental or higher commander on packages from home was to conserve space in our transports. The decision was taken at a vital time when the question of rushing men, food and munitions to France was paramount. There is much to be said in support of your contention, but don't

AMERICA IN FRANCE

XI—Domremy

Domremy is a wee mite of a town, boasting in times of peace but some 300 inhabitants and in war-time even fewer than that. It is a little more than a small collection of houses, humble and broken down, on the road that leads to Toul, lying on the left bank of the river Meuse.

Yet there is not a single American soldier, Catholic or Protestant or Jew or what not, who, learning that chance has placed him for a while in the region about Domremy, does not bend every effort to visit it, even though the visit may entail a long overland hike after a week of much hiking.

For Domremy — Domremy-la-Pucelle, as the guidebooks call it — is the birthplace, the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc; and, being that, it is the one shrine about all in France for all Americans to honor.

Over the road leading to the south, the very road by which Jeanne and her family fled Neufchâteau to escape the marauding band of Antoine de Vergy, the governor of Champagne, who espoused the English cause, you can see the Americans trudging of a Sunday. Over the road from the north, the road by which the Maid of France set out for Voucouleurs to beg the aid of the Sire de Baudricourt for her high adventure, you can see them tramping in amain. Yet they march with less than their usual blitheness and abandon. If anything, for one and all, they instinctively feel that they are about to enter on holy ground.

The Mission of Jeanne

Holy ground it is indeed, as holy in the eyes of long suffering France as the number of Mt. Vernon and of Springfield, Illinois, are in the eyes of America. Here, in this obscure little hamlet of the Lorraine marshes, was born she who was to lead her country, sore oppressed by foreign rule, sore beset by internal strife, to liberation and unity.

Though her work was later set at naught, though her striving had to be repeated, over and over again, by men less worthy, less distinct than she, yet she it was who gave to the French the vision of a united and restored nation, free from foreign domination, a nation wholly French. As she put it, "It is my Lord's will that the Dauphin should be king and receive the kingdom in trust," meaning in trust for the King of Kings.

Reverently the Americans enter the village and proceed to the little church, successor to the edifice in which Jeanne was baptized and in which, for long hours, she used to implore the aid of her saintly trio, the great St. Michael and Sts. Marguerite and Catherine, the martyrs who sent her forth on the quest that ended in her own martyrdom.

There in the garishly new but none the less inspiring windows of stained glass, they can read her history from the time when, under the great beech tree on the hill beyond, she heard the voices calling her to the time when, reviled and discredited, she was led to the stake at Rouen.

Pilgrims, Not Sightseers

Perhaps they enter the little church during service, and hear the choir of children singing "Sur ton front, o noble heroine," the hymn especially dedicated to the Maid of Domremy. Perhaps, too, as on one occasion, they retire abashed before the eloquent welcome of M. le Curé, uttered from the pulpit itself.

The good man has been exceedingly touched to see the Americans, strangers from more than fifty kilometers away, come trooping by twos and threes, Sunday after Sunday, into his famous little parish, and coming frankly as pilgrims, not as mere sightseers. In consequence, his greeting is warm, and it loses none of its warmth because of the fact that, perhaps, not one in four of his khaki auditors can comprehend it all. Certainly, on their part, their appreciation is just as great as if they understood every word of it; they are content at being able to divine the spirit behind it.

Then, of course, there is the shrine of Jeanne d'Arc, the little house close by the church in which, on January 6, 1412, Jeanne was born, with the white marble statue of her that was sent from England, the model of the bronze statue wrought in her memory by Princess Marie of Orleans, and the earlier one given by King Louis XI, adorning the room on the ground floor in which the family of Jacques d'Arc, all unmindful of the fame that was to come to them because of the youngest daughter sat during the long cold evenings—colder and bleaker in old Lorraine than in any other part of France.

The Room with the Double Window

From this room the pilgrims may proceed, with hats off and with reverent step, through the low door that leads into the bare little room known as Jeanne d'Arc's own, with its double window looking out on the garden beyond. Above, on the second floor, they may see a collection of arms, of pictures, books and other relics of the days when the peasant girl led the fleur-de-lis to victory.

Interesting as the house and the church are, the Americans do not stop with them. High up on the neighboring hill, in the Bois-Chenu, on the very spot where the weeping maid heard those miraculous voices urging her to go forth and save France, stands the Bastille de Jeanne d'Arc. There, in the beautiful crypt, they may see the frescoes by Monchablon, to the honor of the French Army and Navy; the statues of St. Martin and St. George, the banners presented by the proud cities of Toulouse and Cambrai; and other things recalling the progress of the great work which the maid set on foot.

And from the basilica there is to be had such a view of the valley of the Meuse as is hardly to be obtained anywhere else throughout the entire length of that famous stream. Local legend has it that the fairies used to play about the knoll on which the basilica is situated, and the great beech tree thereon was called in consequence L'Arbre des Fées. There it was, too, that the young folk of Domremy, and the neighboring village of Groux, used to foregather every May to play their rustic games, and to dance in a ring—Jeanne, in her childhood, danced there, too.

The Descent—and Souvenirs

Reluctantly, the Americans made the descent from the hill down the road to the town again. They buy picture postcards, little gold Lorraine crosses, little medals—and all fit to make glad the heart of an American mother. But it is violating no secret to say that many of those little medals of the Maid and themselves attached, sooner or later, to the sweaty cords on which the identification tags of the Americans are strung; for if they had not considered themselves, in part at least, the knights of Jeanne d'Arc, the followers of her white and gold banner, the co-deliverers with her of the fair land which she loved so well and for which she laid down her fair young life—why, they would not have made their pilgrimage to Domremy.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

PROVING YOU CAN'T DODGE OLD ACQUAINTANCES
EVEN IN A STRANGE CORNER OF A STRANGE LAND



He says to the janes Meet loot Brown who captured Chato Thierry

Aixlesbains, France, Sept. 29, 1918.

Dear old pal Henry: Well Henry if you could see I and Buck now you would maybe think we both had papas who had bookoo jack or something and that we didn't have nothing else to do but spend some of it for our health or something.

When we got here a M.P. steered us over to a place where John D. Morgan and J. Pierpont Rockefeller staid for a couple of months once and which is all fixed up for a couple of highbrows and which is being occupied by only a couple of buck privs. at present, which is I and Buck.

Last night when we went to bed Buck laid his pants on a chair that Morgan maybe used once to put his pants on and then Buck and I pretended like he had as much money in his pants as Morgan had in his and pretty soon he kept talking so much I had to get up and put a chair against the door so a burglar couldn't get in and lift our wad.

Well Henry I guess if a burglar took a notion to come in he could do it all right but he could cuss like hell after he found how hard he'd worked for nothing. Anyway Henry it is a whole lot of fun to hang round where some rich bird has been and just pretend you are him. I'll bet by just staying here we can cop off any jane in town when we want to. It is a great advertisement for a couple of buck privs. who has never had any real hance in the world Henry.

Well so long Henry,

S. T. B.

Aix, France, Sept. 30, 1918.

Friend Henry: Well Henry things are sure developing round here which is all in our favor. Yesterday Buck got up early and went swimming and about a hour later I got up and went down to the lake to where he was. I saw a guy setting up on the beach with a couple of pretty dolls and of course I figured it was Buck and so I started up there.

When I got in about 50 yds. of them Buck came running to meet me and shook hands with me like he hadn't seen me since the war started and then he whispered to me and says for me to salute him and call him a captain as he has some and told the janes that he is a captain etc. and that he is making a big hit. Sure I says to him. Why wouldn't I Henry when you can get away with something like that back here.

Well Henry you can't guess what he pulled next. He says to the janes Meet lootenant Brown who is my 1st loot and who captured Chato Thierry. Well Henry these janes was both English or American and it nearly knocked them dead. (One which was the prettiest one Henry got up and says I am so glad to meet you lootenant etc. She says The captain has told me all about your wonderful work at Chato Thierry etc.)

Well Henry about that time Buck nudged me with his elbow which of course was a sign for me to carry on like our loot says. And I guess I carried on too. Oh I says That's nothing. There's many a plain old buck priv who has done that much I says to her.

Well Henry they were both all togged up in a 1 piece bathing suit and which was kind of cut low at the top etc. and I guess that was enough to make any body want to be a captain or a loot.

We sure had everything all our own way Henry until one of them got inquisitive and ask Buck why it was we didn't wear Sam Brown belts etc. Bucks face got redder than a vermillion or something that bursts high up when there ain't no moon and he was about to say something that would of spoiled the deal when I says Oh we officers don't make a practise of wearing them on the line because the enemy would take a crack at us first thing off the bat.

Well Henry everything was going all right for us when some sekund loot from the Q.M. Corps came along and passed us. Of course if I had of saluted him it would look like we was only privs. so I didn't saloot and neither did Buck.

Henry this loot hadn't took 6 steps when he turned round and come back to where we was. Don't you ever saloot an officer he says to us and of course we both stood up and saluted and then he walked on.

The idea of him talking to a captain like that this girl of Bucks says. Why didn't you tell him you was a captain she says to Buck. Well of course I says we both look like privs, dressed up like this and I can't blame him none. If we would of told him we were officers from the front I says He would of only been jealous anyway and I don't feel none like talking to him much anyway while you are here because he would of wanted to ask us a lot of questions about the front and would of talked a lung out of us if we would of told him. Then she says Oh how impudent.

So I saved our lives onse more Henry and I guess I did it pretty well to didn't I. I'll bet Buck would of got all balled up and wouldn't of gone over with two waves like I did Henry.

Well after that I went in swimming and dove across the lake a couple of times which made a big hit with them. Then we made a date with them for to night, and when we left them Henry this one of mine says It is sure a privilege to go out with you fighting men. Just think of the things you have done and of how you have led your men so bravely through the fight.

And then she says And to think of it how you dress as mere privs. and have to saloot sekund lootnants because they don't know you are above them.

Well Henry I will write more to this letter this evening and tell you how we come out.

S. T. B.

4 p.m. Buck was just looking out of the window and he says he thought he saw our top sergt. cross the street down a couple of blocks. I bet maybe it is him all right because he was talking about coming to Aix too for his vacation. I

WAR WORK SPEEDS
AS LOAN POURS IN

Shipyards Set Records,
City Gardens Aid in
Food Conservation

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Oct. 10.—In spite of the preoccupation of the whole country with the Liberty Loan campaign, the other business of America is not in the least suspended.

Thirteen ships of all types, totalling 55,000 deadweight tons, were completed and delivered to the Emergency Fleet Corporation during the week ending September 20. Launchings reached a total of 17, with a deadweight tonnage of 72,000.

During the year ending September 27, the United States had landed in service 1,956,000 gross tons of shipping, breaking the world's best record for any year anywhere. The total production for the Allied nations in about the same period was 3,469,000 gross tons, which is another world's record.

Everywhere, everybody is doing something worth while. A miner in Pennsylvania got out 981 tons of coal in a month, for example. He earned \$450 for it, by the way, but you may bet that money alone would not have produced that month's record.

New York City doubled its Asiatic imports in the month of August, with a total of \$52,000,000. That is just another sample.

Even New York City's back yards and vacant lots have made a decided contribution toward the war efforts. Six hundred back yards and 1,550 city lots, turned into gardens, have raised produce valued at \$22,000.

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He was reading the latest issue of his home apper—meaning a copy that was two months old.

Suddenly he sighed dolefully. "Well," said his bunkie, "what's eatin' your heart out now? Prohibition mayor elected? Girl marry some one else? Casey's poolroom gone into bankruptcy?"

"Worse'n that," he explained. "They've given a doc I know a commission."

"Not so bad," said his bunkie. "Soft for you if you meet him. Week in quarters for a cold in the head."

"Soft nothing," he contradicted. "I owe him two dollars."

MADE THE ROUND TRIP

"What's that yaller ribbon on your chest mean?"

"Means I went into Mexico."

"Then what's that green one?"

"Means I came out."

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TENDER HANDS CARE FOR GRAVES OF A.E.F.

Frenchwomen at Suresnes Cemetery Are Jealous Guardians

WORD SENT TO FAMILIES

Bodies of Seven Hundred American Soldiers Lie in Quiet God's Acre Near Paris

On the wooded slope of a steep hill that rises high over a great bend in the river Seine lies a little plot of earth that is as much American as is the National Cemetery at Arlington or the hallowed ground of Gettysburg.

It is a quiet and peaceful spot, for although Paris is so near—the slender pinnacles of the Eiffel tower is in plain view over the trees—the city is separated from the American cemetery at Suresnes by the green expanse of the Bois de Boulogne. The heart of the city that is the heart of the world is not five miles away; you would think it at least 50.

It is a spot far removed from war, and yet there are enough of the accompaniments of war about it to remind the visitor that the 700 graves here are the graves of soldiers—mostly of soldiers who died of their wounds on the journey in from the front or at one of the hospitals in or near the capital.

Further up the slope from the ramparts of the fort of Mont Valerien, one in the chain of defenses that surround Paris. Overhead Allied planes fly from field to field, the drone of their motors never so clear as in this quiet countryside. And more warlike still, an occasional cannon shot echoes from a testing ground in the neighborhood.

Graves Still Abloom

The little cemetery itself, with its well aligned rows of white wooden crosses, will some day be as green and fair as God's acre as any in France. It is becoming so as fast as the loving hands of the living can convert it into one. Even in these fresh fall days, the graves are all abloom, and hardy shrubs add a touch of somber beauty to the little corners and round points.

The round point in the center of the cemetery can tell a story of its own that represents the forging of one more indissoluble link in the chain of Franco-American friendship. It is the work of an elderly Frenchman of means who insisted on doing it with his own hands. The sergeant in charge of the cemetery, a lawyer in civil life, was equally insistent that help be provided, and the Frenchman finally compromised on letting two private help him in his labor of love. The three of them, on hands and knees in the soft earth, set out the rows and clusters of shrubs that are now one of the most striking features of the cemetery's beauty.

This same Frenchman, not content with the round point, also adopted 15 graves, which he is caring for himself. Most of the graves have been thus adopted, the rest being cared for by the majority of the caretakers are Frenchwomen of high and low degree.

One such Frenchwoman, wanting to adopt a grave, wrote her husband at the front, asking his advice.

Triangles in Blossom

"Do just as you choose," he answered. "But if you adopt one, send me less money. It must be cared for properly." At the end of some of the rows a small triangle of earth has been left, made necessary by the curving paths. The little triangles are abloom with a border of red-tinged yellow flowers that resemble our own marigolds, and the space within is richly blue with a multitude of thistle-like blossoms. It is a harmony of floral color that one would not expect to find in a cemetery. All of these little triangles are the care of a single Frenchwoman.

If you visit that cemetery, a Frenchwoman, possibly with one or two sober-faced children with her, perhaps in mourning, will very likely come up to you and ask you how she can get word to the family of the soldier whose grave is in her dependable stewardship, and whose name she will invariably have carefully copied on a slip of paper.

You have simply to tell her to address the Graves Registration Service at Tours, and in a few weeks the family of a fallen comrade will know that the resting place of his hero is entrusted to tender and loving hands.

Brook No Interference

These Frenchwomen are jealous guardians, and will not brook the interference of an outsider as they go about their self-appointed task. Recently a Frenchman, attending to the grave of an American major, left the mound a moment to throw away some withered flowers before he laid fresh ones there. In the interval another woman, obviously an American, obviously someone to whom the dead officer had been near and dear, knelt over the grave to lay upon it her own offering.

The Frenchwoman came back. At first she did not understand, and the barrier of language did not ease the tension. It was a situation calling for considerable diplomacy on the part of any third party who was willing to risk interfering.

Perhaps that is why they picked for the sergeant in charge a man who used to be a lawyer. He walked over to the pair and, in the best French he could command, explained the situation. Then he turned away. There are scenes at which even an ex-lawyer knows he has no right to be a spectator.

Little Groups Look On

Always, at the gate of the cemetery, you will find a little group of the recently curious—French grown-ups, children, soldiers. Little knots of them gather in the tree-lined highway which, ever since the first American soldier was laid away in Suresnes, has been called Boulevard Washington.

They bare their heads, make the sign of the cross or salute every time a flag-draped coffin is taken through the gate and laid on the cinder path—condemned because the wife of a French commandant has been shipping two truck loads of cinders to the cemetery every day—before the bugler, farther up the hill, sounds the final requiem.

WOMEN FARMERS MAKE GOOD

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 10.—The Women's Land Army has made a great drive to provide thousands of women workers to gather the present remaining crops and prepare for a mighty farming war next season.

They have demonstrated their success. Hardened old farmers doff their hats and admit that civilized women can work like accomplished farm hands.

DOUAL, 1918

"The enemy is burning Douai."—British communiqué.

The light that came from Douai in days of long ago, when monks of Douai labored their Master's truth to show into a darkened Europe, now shines with brighter glow.

The monks who then translated The Bible of Douai, Look down, we may be certain, With horror and dismay, Upon the German savagery That blights their home today.

The Prince of Peace and Freedom Those good men served; and now The Prince of Sin and Darkness With torch comes in to cov.

The helpless ones who nonetheless Before him will not bow.

They wrought in words of glory, Of gentleness and peace; The Hun works devastation, And offers no release. O, may the righteous Armies To Douai soon bring peace!

Q.M. CHEVRONS GIVE WAY TO MEDICOS'

And They Don't Speak Now, All Because of Stolen Mascot

MARCEL CHANGES COLORS

Sadder and Wiser Little Frenchman Promises That It Won't Ever Happen Again

Members of a certain truck company and a medical detachment stationed at S.O.S. headquarters just coldly to one another as they pass nowadays. And all because the medics allowed Marcel to wear out the seat of his breeches sliding down an upturned mess hall bench and lose his wrist watch in the bargain, and worst of all, because they ripped off Marcel's quartermaster sergeant's chevrons and sewed on a medical corps caduceus while the truck company was off to the front with a convoy of motor trucks.

Marcel Duplessis is the truck company's mascot. He was the proudest of all the mascots around S.O.S. headquarters because of his 500 franc outfit of tailor made uniform, leather puttees, wrist watch and general haberdashery. In fact, he was so proud of his uniform that if he was out for a stroll of a Sunday with the first sergeant, and a kindly French lady tried to warm up to him and give him the French equivalent of "What's your name, little boy?" Marcel would absolutely refuse to understand and reply, "American, speak English."

Occasionally he would leave the company headquarters long enough to go over to the French canteen where his mother works and let her feast her eyes on the magnificent apparel of her nine year old son. He liked to have her tell him that he looked just as brave and proud as his father "mort pour la patrie" when he departed for the front four long years ago.

Wrist Watch on Exhibition

His numerous brothers and sisters were even allowed a good look at his wrist watch on such occasions. At reveille he was always the first in line, and if the sergeant in calling the roll by any chance forgot to call out his name, he was very much distressed until he was assured that it wouldn't happen again.

Things were going along beautifully for Marcel until one dark day his company got a hurry order to move out to the front with a truck convoy which was badly needed up behind the front at St. Mihiel. The trip would be too dangerous for Marcel, the first sergeant thought, so he turned him over to the medics for safe keeping until the company's return. But the medics were busy, and Marcel was only a casual mascot, so he did just about as he pleased.

Now a nine year old French kid is just the same as any other kid of the same age, even if he is a mascot. First he tore the seat out of his breeches. Then the medics' dog chewed his service hat, making it lose that snappy, ironed appearance. His wrist watch disappeared from the window sill of the bath house, and worst of all, he was weak enough to allow a pill-pusher to exchange his Quartermaster chevrons for that of the Medical Corps.

That was what his patrons were sore about when they returned, that changing of chevrons. But Marcel has talked himself back into his old time place in their affections. He has been measured for a new pair of breeches, his hat has been ironed, and come payday, he will have another wrist watch. But he has been warned against any association in the future with the gay Medical men.

FORD WON'T SPEND ONE CENT TO WIN

Senatorial Candidate Defies All Time Honored Political Conventions

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Oct. 10.—Henry Ford has made the calamitous announcement, in accepting the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Michigan, that he will not spend one cent to win. He also announces that he wants the people to understand that he is not a party man, that he will not accept the nomination with any specific obligation or pledge, and that he does not bind himself to vote for any measure because it is labeled Democratic or Republican, but will vote according to his judgment for the best interests of all the people.

The Democratic convention adopted resolutions pledging complete support of his candidacy, despite all these shocking slams at all political rules. Thus Ford goes before the Michigan electorate with no other pledge than to support the President.

Governor Edge has won the Republican nomination for United States Senator from New Jersey.

Tired Soldier: How far to the front lines, Buddy? M.P.: Four kilometers as the airplanes fly. Soldier: Yes, but airplanes don't have corns.

KRONPRINZ'S DOUBLE TERRIBLY SHOCKED

Monocled German Officer Marvels at Fuss Over Mere Civilian

M.P. OFFERS FREE SMOKES

Hun Who Disapproves of American Military Methods Gets Chance to Study Them

There is one imposing young officer, recently attached to the American Army as a prisoner of war, who finds it quite impossible to conceal from his new hosts his utter disapproval of their military methods, and particularly of their military manners.

He little thought when, as a youngster, he was sent off to the Grosslichterfelde school for officers, that there would come an inglorious day in September, 1918, when he would be captured whole by a shockingly trained army from America. On that greatest day in his life—the day the first person noticed his quite striking resemblance to the German Crown Prince—his contentment was undimmed by the shadow of any prophecy that he would live to be marched along a shell-toned French highway in front of the watchful rifle of a Yankee M.P.

Cane and Monocle

This long, lithe figure through the mud and rain from Malancourt was extremely fatiguing, but he managed to swing his cane jauntily enough and his monocle never once fell from his eye, though it gave a convulsive start when his nonchalant, not to say jocular, guard ventured to offer him a cigarette.

He simply could not understand the air of informal jollity that enlivened the ramshackle bar where he was first questioned and where, he noted with pained surprise, a whole truck load of German non-coms was engaged in affable conversation with a group of Yankees swarming around them.

But his most confounding experience awaited him at that fortunately spacious pen at corps headquarters where, though the first day of the battle northwest of Verdun was not yet spent, more than a thousand prisoners were already assembled.

Assisting the Officers

The German officers lounged on the grass, while the equivalent of several German companies shifted in uneasy groups within the pen. Suddenly the M.P.'s in charge shouted: "Achtung! Still stehen." Every prisoner there, except the officers, snapped automatically to attention. The officers were assisted to that posture by the M.P.'s.

The ruler for the Crown Prince, who had been moved to inner laughter by the lackadaisical manners of his captors, assumed that all this fuss must portend the arrival of General Pershing at least. He could hardly believe his senses when he found that it heralded the approach of a mere civilian, a little civilian in a derby hat.

He jumped to the conclusion, then, that President Wilson had come to visit the cage, but, if this were true, how was he to explain the way the M.P.'s all crowded around their visitor, a sociable group from which there issued from time to time a burst of laughter?

Finally his curiosity was too strong for him, and he asked an examining officer what it was all about. Did they allow civilians to drop in at prison cages? Who was this civilian, anyway? "That," the officer replied, "is the Secretary of War."

Then the monocle fell.

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HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

Art in the S.O.S. has just received a terrible setback. Not that art or any form of artistic expression—except camouflage—has anything to do with winning the war, but when a colored sergeant who has put in hard day's work with his labor company chooses to while away his idle hours carving various things out of native stone for the beautification of company headquarters, it would seem as though he ought to be allowed to get away with it. But no, a certain party thought the sergeant's subjects were a little too profane, and so the two pillars, topped by perfectly good cocked dice about to fall into an equally good natural (if you know what is meant) had to be taken down.

The rest of the sergeant's work, a statue of liberty, a 75, a lighthouse and a tank, still stand outside company headquarters, but the reminders of the good old game that used to start off with two bits or maybe only a thin dime and wind up with the week's pay are permanently taboo. But the odds still remain the same, and payday, however distant, is perhaps a better memory refresher than anything carved out of stone could ever be.

It was before the new order about clothes had come out, and the young aviator was very much dolled up. His major looked him over and remarked: "Say, what are you, anyway? The lost Duke of Brebant who turns up in the fourth act, or what?" The young aviator blushed. Later he changed.

There is a brig in the S.O.S. that is far-famed and fearsome to soldiers A.W.O.L. who have gone down into a certain city and among M.P.'s. This guardhouse makes a specialty of

handling the erring and wandering gathered in at railroad stations, and, in addition to the labor details which it conducts, it has other attractions which its customers advertise. Two soldiers just freed from the brig were talking things over on a train. "They made me scrub the floor with a tooth brush," said one. "And I bailed out a bathtub with a soup spoon," said the other.

They went into a store together, the man who had seen a winter in France and the man who had not yet lost his sea legs.

The man who was losing his sea legs bought something, got his change, looked at it with the suspicion born of his lack of acquaintance with the franc-centime system, and glanced at madame. "Oh, oui," said madame, smiling reassuringly. The man with the late sea legs looked at his mate helplessly. "What's hell is she sayin' to me?" he demanded.

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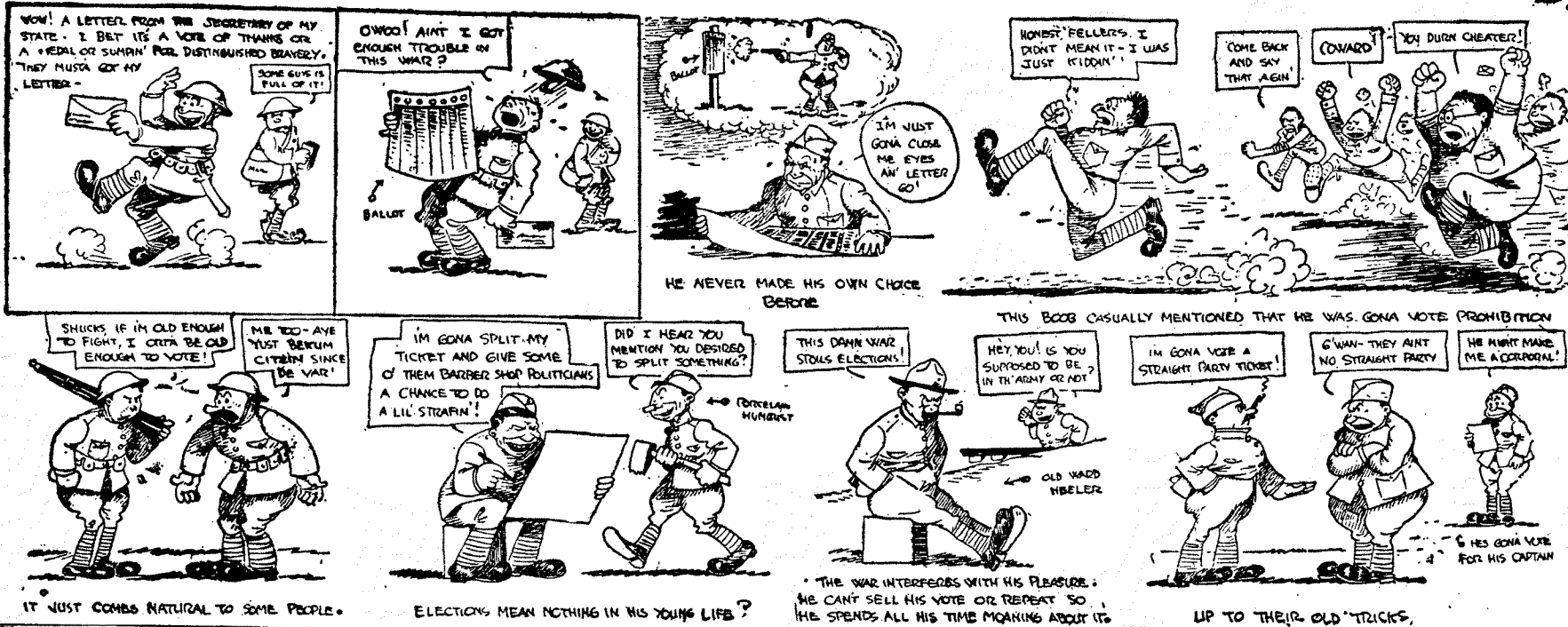


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GOSH DURNIT, I'VE MADE SO MANY MISTAKES, I'M CROSS EYED!

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MUSICAL PARROT
FINE BIRD UNTIL...Barracks Tragedy Almost
Ends in Murder, but
Not Quite

UNLUCKY CANTEN DID IT

Feathered Battleship Sails Smoothly
as Long as Seas Remain
Calm—Then Comes Trouble

"I went down town last night," said the man who had just come over, "and as I was having a glass of coffee in the 'Glass of what?' interrupted the two stripe man.

"Coffee," continued the man who had just come over, "in that little café with 'Au Bon Sergeant' on the window—I don't see why they have to go around naming their cafés after sergeants—I saw the funniest parrot I ever saw."

"Must have been Henry," said the two stripe man. "Battleship gray kind of a bird, with no color except his tail feathers, which were red? Yep, that was Henry."

"Not Strictly a Parrot

"Henry," began the two stripe man. "Is not strictly a parrot. He is what they call in France a parrot. He has all the earmarks and bad habits of a parrot except his uniform, which isn't quite so gaudy as that of the well-known Iceland variety of parrot, which is the kind you see at home."

"What he lacks in feathers, though, he makes up for in voice. He can say anything, in any language you give him a chance in, and he can whistle like a locomotive."

"I never did know just how we acquired Henry. I think somebody bought him for a souvenir and then found he couldn't be sent home."

"Anyhow," Henry first entered my young life when the company clerk adopted him and began to teach him English and a few other things. Henry progressed rapidly, and in a few days was able to call the roll. For a time he would wake up in the middle of the night and call 'Orderly!', but we gave him a week's K.P. and that cured him. "Then the bugler got a bright idea."

"Why couldn't Henry sound the call?" he said. "He's got a natural whistle that beats anything I can do, and the boys would be so anxious to see him in action that they'd all be in formation for reveille five minutes ahead of time. Besides, I could sleep longer."

"So he started to teach Henry all there was to know about bugle calls. Say, maybe Henry wasn't some bright pupil! He was terrible keen for sick call, and sounded it instead of mess for a couple of days, but by that time the bugler had him kidded out of his mistake."

"The bugler was having an easy time of it. C Company's promptness in answering every call on the book made us famous throughout the regiment. There was a move on foot to get Henry on the company roll and have him make an allotment in favor of the family he must have left behind him in Madagascar, or wherever he came from, when something happened."

"The bugler went down town to a café—just like you did last night. He must have had a stand in, because they sold him cognac, a whole caseful of it. He brought it back to the barracks—it was nearly midnight, long after Henry had blown taps and tucked his head under his wing till morning."

Cold Feet at Last

"Somehow that bugler got by all the guards and reached the barracks without being challenged. Then his feet got cold. He didn't dare take the canteen inside. You see, the pump's quite a way off, and the boys just began one another's canteens without asking. If there's anything tinkling inside. And if they ever found that canteen—"

"I'll give it to Henry," said the bugler to himself. So over to Henry's perch he went, woke him up, filled his mess cup full of the stuff, and let him go to it."

"Henry didn't have to be asked twice. He made funny noises in his throat, and in two minutes his beak was denting the bottom of the cup. So the bugler filled 'em up again."

"It took three cups to empty the canteen. Henry was still coming back for more and threatening to make a row if he didn't get it, so the bugler scratched his head—that is, Henry's—and made him feel so good that he finally had him kidded into falling asleep."

"Henry must have slept it off quick, or else something was worrying him;

anyway about half past two that whole barracks was waked up by a shrill and clear first call as ever came out of an army sleep disapper. Only this one was coming out of Henry's parched throat. "There was a council of war right away, and it was decided to massacre Henry then and there. But the bugler, with tears in his eyes, pleaded for mercy. So we decided that if he'd take Henry back where he belonged, we'd spare them both. That's why Henry's at the 'Bon Sergeant' again now."

"He didn't sound any call while I was there last night," said the man who had just come over.

"Course not," said the two stripe man. "He's too ashamed of himself to speak. Henry's a changed bird now."

WEEKLY NEWS REEL
TO BRING HOME OVERBattle Line, Mary Pickford
and Charlie Chaplin
Also Booked

State Street, Chicago; Market Street, San Francisco; Canal Street, New Orleans; Broad Street, Philadelphia, and Fifth Avenue, New York, with all their dens and denizens, are now being shown on the screen to as much of the Army as they can possibly be shown to. In France and England and Italy, through the medium of the Overseas Weekly, a news film being gotten out over here by the Community Motion Picture Bureau for distribution through the huts of the Y.M.C.A.

In addition to live news scenes from American cities, the weekly includes views of wheat harvesting in the Middle West, salmon runs in Washington, and lumbering in Maine. It aims to bring home to the A.E.F. through the medium of the movies.

Supplementing the scenes from the States, the bureau's service includes new pictures taken with the French, British and Australian forces, and it also has the pick of the United States Army Signal Corps films, including many scenes of actual combat filmed in the forward areas.

From Monday to Saturday

These war views are gotten out and around in the minimum time required to develop and edit them, and it is therefore quite possible for Lieutenant Snookums, Inf., to lead a charge on Monday and on Saturday evening, in a rest area but, to see himself leading the charge, thus giving him valuable opportunity to note professional defects in charge leading.

At present the bureau has three separate shows running every evening, multiplied by duplicate films to cover not only the A.E.F., but the movie-loving populace of the British, French and Italian forces. With 300 film projectors here in France now and in working order, there should not a week pass by without every man's having a chance to see what home looks like, what the front looks like, if he hasn't been to the front, or what other people's fronts look like.

The last includes the famous front of Mary Pickford and that of Charlie Chaplin, for, with the single exception of one big film, the Community Motion Picture Bureau has been given the refusal of every picture made in the States.

CITY OF BAR-LE-DUC CONGRATULATES A.E.F.

Old Home Department Is Stage for Two American Victories

Bar-le-Duc, chef-lieu or capital of the department of Meuse, has sent to General Pershing, with the simple signature of "The Mayor," the following message: "Bar-le-Duc, capital of the department in which the A.E.F. held their first cantonnements, and where they have just gained a victory which opens in this great war the final era of the triumph of the Allied nations over the barbarians, begs to convey to General Pershing and his superb troops its heartiest congratulations."

Both of the First Army's recent major operations have been fought chiefly in the Meuse department. The easternmost points in the St. Mihiel fight were in the department of Meuse and Moselle. The new advance east of the Argonne and northwest of Verdun, which began on the soil of Meuse, has been carried into the Ardennes department.

With the recovery of ground in the latter department which had been held by the enemy for more than four years, there is now no department in all France which the Germans hold in its entirety.

Intelligence Officer: You say you were very well treated in the line. Did you have plenty to eat?

German Prisoner: No, but they issued each of us an extra suit of clothes.

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Earnings Yet Under
Nation's Control

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Oct. 10.—The Regional Director of Railroads has published a statement to the effect that through consolidation and co-ordination of the railway facilities in the East a saving of more than \$18,000,000 has been accomplished.

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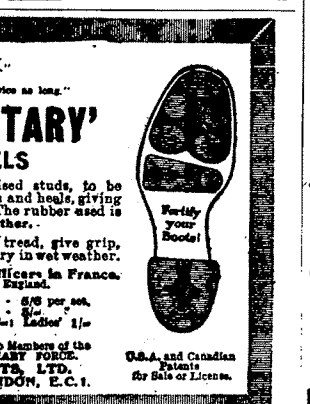
PIGEONS FROM TANKS
AND AIRPLANES, TOOQuartet That Strayed from
Boche Is Ostracized by
Yankee Brood

Sending pigeons back as messengers from tanks is a new wrinkle in the art of liaison that has already been tried out with success by the American forces. The sending of the birds down from airplanes, though not so new, has been perfected in practice, and at present one lot of at least 100 birds is working on that interesting problem.

The pigeon more than proved his worth as a runner in the operations preceding the recent drives. At 6:10 one morning one of the brood was let loose at the very front to fly back with a message to a fort loft. The bird flew eight miles in 20 minutes through a heavy fog, a drizzling rain and against a strong headwind, bearing back the news of a successful raid on the now-no-more Toul front. As a reward not the D.S.C., but an extra mess of hardtack crumbs, awaited him.

The using of carrier pigeons is, how-

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ever, a game that both sides can play at, as some wary pigeon fanciers of the A.E.F. found out not long ago. During a raid four birds that didn't seem quite sure of their bearings came flopping into a trench basket on our front. Although they did not bear the Maltese cross marking employed by their latter-day rivals, the German airplanes, they were quickly discovered to be German, and as such discreetly ostracized by the other inmates of the loft they had blundered into.

About the same time, another bird of suspicious actions was seen hovering around one of the A.E.F.'s mobile lofts in the forward zone. A Yankee pigeonier spied him, didn't like his looks, picked up a rifle and shot him on sight. Sure enough, when he came down he was found to have a German message, all in code, tied to his leg. And the code message made interesting reading for the intelligence officers when they received it from the claws of a loyal pigeon soon after.

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KEEPING THE HUN ON HIS TOES IN THE ARGONNE

ALMOST 20 years ago, in a little village in Kansas, Wesley R. Childs looked with sorrow upon the closed shutters of a little brown house just across the street. He called his wife to his side and counted her about adopting the Dillon children—a boy and a girl, the elder scarcely five years old. Mrs. Dillon had died that morning, and the two children were to be sent away to an orphan's home.

"Yes," said Mrs. Childs, "we can take them. And we must raise them as though they were of our own flesh and blood."

So the Dillon children were adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Childs.

One day last week, on a hillside near Very, France, a gray haired man was seen wandering about from shell hole to shell hole, crawling over the barbed wire entanglements as he made his way from one object to another.

The man continued to walk about. Shells were exploding on the hillside, and the machine guns rattled not far away.

Presently the searcher stopped and knelt down beside a still object. Wesley R. Childs of Kansas, a Y.M.C.A. worker in the A.E.F., had found the body of Sergeant Joseph A. Dillon, his adopted son.

To a sheltered spot over which whining shells passed at irregular intervals, to a graveyard on the hillside where several crosses were stuck in the ground, the father, although he had been severely gassed while conducting the search, summoned the aid of a chaplain and two men and buried his son.

At a crossroads in the Argonne there is a sign which reads: "American barber shop in first dugout to right. Shave with German razor, 50 centimes. Hair cut with the Crown Prince's scissors, 1 rank. Hot German towels in daytime only. We use our own soap. Don't bring your kamikazes."

The first American division that landed in France brought with it a Spanish noodle from Dallas, Texas. Dallas has earned many things since he came to France. Besides saluting the colonel of his regiment, he has learned to wear a gas mask and to hug the earth when he hears shells whistling overhead.

Dallas slept in a German dugout last week and got crotches for the 'steenth time since he has been in the Army.

An American private, astride a water barrel that was being drawn on a cart by a mule, was telling the mule what he thought about the animal's balking in the middle of a road that was being constantly shelled by the Germans when a direct hit was made on the mule. The mule vanished from sight save his head, which was thrown several yards up the road, and a couple of legs, which were hitched to the cart. The driver was thrown from his seat, unhurt. He got up on his feet, wiped the mule from his face and said to a much shaken comrade who hugged the earth nearby, "That's what the damned cuss gets for balking!"

Private Elmer Little of Kansas was rounding up Boches at Vauquois Farm the first morning of the battle when he ran across a short, stocky German who ran when he got sight of the Americans. Private Little wanted very much to capture for himself a Boche, so he ran after the fleeing enemy, who ran into a dugout. The Yank trailed in after him and found himself face to face with 28 other Boches, including two officers. He made them all prisoner.

Mail has been delivered to many of the regiments in the front line. Mail orderlies have been constantly under fire, and one bag of letters was pierced several times by machine gun fire as it was being carried up to the men.

A cook in a certain California unit found a German machine gun near his kitchen at Very. An American balloon which afforded great attraction for German airplanes was anchored only a few hundred yards away. The cook set up the machine gun near the kitchen, and several times the past week the slum has burned while he has manned the machine gun at a low flying airplane.

Once the hum of a German airplane was heard above the din of the artillery barrage. The cook deserted his frying pan and ran to the machine gun. A few moments later the German airman succeeded in setting the balloon on fire, and a few moments after that the plane paused in midair, dipped and then nose dived to the ground near the burning balloon.

Officially, the fall of the German air-

man is credited to shrapnel and machine gun fire, but the cook tells his comrades on the Q.T. how it really happened.

An American major lay in a shell hole 13 hours while two wounded snipers from his battalion kept off the Boches. Every time a German patrol would start out to capture the wounded officer the two snipers, although one was shot through the thigh and the other had a nasty wound in the left foot, would open up. Aid came after 13 hours when the regiment forced the Germans back.

The boys from the Coast are wondering what to do with a mule that has been assigned to their division. Some one has suggested shooting him, but it is against the rules to shoot a perfectly able-bodied mule. They have pastured him in an open field a number of times where German shells explode night and day. They have heard the shells explode at night and dreamed of finding the mule blasted to bits on awakening, but always the mule is feeding peacefully on the short grass.

The main trouble is that the mule makes a noise like a gas alarm. Several times the gas guard was accused of giving fake alerts during the night, and each time the guard faced his accusing comrades with a denial.

Private Mathews was a battalion runner. He carried a message to divisional headquarters and was told to remain there for a few minutes until he was wanted again. He took off his cap, hung it up with some other caps in the dugout and waited.

Presently the general called the runner and gave him a message to carry back. As he passed out of the dugout the runner hurriedly snatched a cap—Private Mathews never wears a helmet when he is carrying messages—and started back across the field. He passed a French colonel on the road who stood aside, smiled and saluted. Mathews drew up and returned the salute, wondering the while what it was all about. It was not until after he had reached battalion headquarters that he found he had taken the general's cap instead of his own.

A shell landed in the exact spot where a platoon sergeant had told Private Lewis to go and pick off a German sniper who was holding up the advance.

"Got him, all right," said one of the doughboys.

But their fears vanished when two more shots were heard from the hill top. A few moments later the sergeant himself went up to see what had been done with the sniper. Private Lewis was still lying in firing position and was watching a mound of earth two hundred yards away for the appearance of a Boche helmet.

"I nearly got him that last time," said Lewis. "I'll get him next shot or know the reason why."

The shell burst had shot away Private Lewis' right foot and had wounded him severely in the hip, but he was still after his Boche.

A Q.M. sergeant who could not resist the temptation to leave his task of sorting out overcoats to go off chasing Huns entered a dugout containing 35 Germans. He had no rifle, but his hip pockets bulged with hand grenades. With three grenades he killed 15 of the Germans. With his fourth and last grenade he forced the remaining 20 to surrender and marched them back to his regimental P.O.

When the commander of one regiment was killed, the major general in command of that division took command of the regiment, leaving his chief of staff in command of the division. Men who saw him on the field noted with astonishment that he wore an issue uniform, hip boots and a sou'wester.

One group of 18 disconsolate Boches had a hard time persuading any one to lock them up.

This little knot of 18 decided that, so far as they were concerned, the time had come for a separate peace, so they slipped through their own lines, the other night and headed for America.

They rather expected that their arrival would cause something of a stir, but they found everybody busy as bees, and, anyway, the sight of a line of Boches filing to the rear of our lines is such a common sight these days that no one would stir them a second glance. So, considerably tired, the 18 got as far back as the headquarters of a division in support before they could induce any one to listen to their

story. A division which is not even in the line feels scarcely called upon to be bothered with prisoners. The division telephoned the corps. Would the corps please send up right away and rid them of these unpaying guests? Certainly not, said corps coldly. Corps was too busy. Corps would consent to receive the prisoners, but division would have to deliver them at the corps cage.

In despair, the officer on whose neck the 18 were hanging rushed out to the crossroads and intimidated an M.P. into going without his lunch, so that he might escort the captives into captivity.

Hermann Schmidt, late of Forty-second Street, New York, where he tended bar, and more recently of Yonkers, where he ran a little cafe of his own, has been taken prisoner. He is now in duration not noticeably vile, and doesn't seem to mind. It should be explained at this point that Hermann was taken prisoner by the Americans, not by the Germans.

For, just before the war broke loose, Hermann, who had an old sweetheart of his in Germany, went back to get her, and though he had taken out his second naturalization papers in New York, he was grabbed and clapped into the German Army.

For four years he has served the Kaiser's purposes, and when it came his turn to be captured, it was just his luck that the capturing troops were from his old home town and numbered among them, without doubt, some of his thirdest customers. Hermann's status has not yet been decided.

A colored unit was moving up to take its place in the line of battle. It was early morning, and daylight had not yet begun to break.

"Hey, sergeant," came a voice from over in the brush to the left; "when we all go in to find them Boches?" "Never you mind, child; you all gonna find plenty of them things 'fore long."

"Well, I sho hope so, sergeant," came the voice. "If I don't get rid of dis mean feelin' 'fore long I see gwine to carve up on the mess sergeant, sho!"

Two colored doughboys were resting in a shell hole when a Boche shell fell overhead and exploded a few yards away.

"You hear dat baby sing, Buddy?" queried one.

"Sho did," the other said. "But you all gwine ter hear de angels sing if you don't get dat black noodle o' yours down."

A certain Artillery regiment had been studying and firing artillery problems for over eight months. These problems were worked out and fired at sham trenches on practice ranges. As the firing ceased the announcement would follow: "End of problem."

The regiment went into action in the Champagne attack. For over two hours

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it hurled high explosives upon German positions, firing this time upon real trenches and real batteries. Yet, when the bombardment ceased, a chief of section stepped up with this remark:

"Captain, is this the end of the problem?"

When the Infantry lines moved forward at 4 o'clock on a recent morning, Cook Ferguson was AWOL. Look as they did, the other cooks could not find him. They branded him as a deserter and calculated that he had gone over the hill when the real test came.

But when noon came Cook Ferguson was back on the job, and as happy as a lark. When the doughboys went over the top at 4 o'clock he had gone over with them. He brought nine Boches back with him.

An American liaison officer who knew little French and a French Artillery officer who knew little English had important business together during the height of the recent fighting.

"Henri," said the commandant to a young sergeant, "I have seen you talking to Americans several times. Can you speak English?"

"No, mon commandant," answered Henri simply.

For all that, Henri and the American officer were soon engaged in vivacious conversation. At its conclusion the commandant turned to Henri.

"But you speak English very well," he said.

"Non, mon commandant," Henri still insisted. "We were talking in German."

When the fine, rangy soldiers from the Pacific slope celebrated their first entry into the line by attacking the

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ALONG THE BRITISH FRONT

THERE is one subject which the Americans who are fighting with the British Army and have had the distinction of helping to break the Hindenburg line north of St. Quentin will talk about at length. This is the intrepidity and general fighting ability of the Australians.

Behind the barrage which preceded the Yanks in their attack went some Australian officers. The barrage was a tremendous and fearful thing. It was by far the most deafening, most prolonged noise those Yanks had ever heard.

But if there were any flutterings toward confusion, they were stifled by the mere sight of the Australians. One Aussie officer strolled behind the line of bursting shell leading a little fox terrier, who seemed to be as accustomed to the barrage as her master and to enjoy it. Another walked slowly with his hands in his pockets, his rifle slung under his arm and a cigarette in his mouth.

"The safest spot on the battlefield is just behind your own barrage," he told the Americans, "and that means it's a whole lot safer than crossing Fifth Avenue on a Saturday afternoon."

Yanks and Aussies got along together like old time friends who haven't seen each other for ten years, and, after each had had the opportunity to see the other in action, vied in passing compliments around.

"If you fellows don't look out," said one beaming Aussie, "you'll ruin this blamed war."

An Aussie who wound up at an American hospital with a shrapnel wound in the arm still had his rifle with him. "Leave that in the salvage pile," said an American medical officer.

Said the Aussie, by way of explanation: "I've carried this gun three years. It's been in seven battles and it has gone to the hospital with me twice. I've got it nicked, you see. Every time I get a Jerry I nick it once. I only put 'em on when I'm sure. I've got 11 nicks," he concluded, and exhibited them on the under side of the stock.

"Oh," said the medical officer.

The Yanks with the British show the effects of their environment. They have acquired all the British slang, colloqu-

alisms, and military terminology. They will tell you a certain place is near the R.E.D. and when you ask what the deuce the R.E.D. is, they will explain, paternally, that it is a Royal Engineers' Dump. They talk a lot in initials, say "right-o" with a persistency and consistency which convinces you that it is natural and habitual, and they call Fritz Jerry.

General Sir Douglas Haig, British commander in chief, called at an American headquarters, and around this headquarters they still talk much of his visit. They like him.

The headquarters was in the edge of a wood. It had been raining. A sergeant found the General trying to keep his footing on slippery duckboards while he endeavored to ascertain the whereabouts of the American commander's but from the signboards. The sergeant led him to the place he sought, but the American commander and most of his staff, following his troops, had left for a more advanced P.O. Two second lieutenants and two sergeants were holding down the recently vacated office.

"I'm Haig," said the General in such an "I'm Bill Jones" tone of voice that the Americans didn't realize who their visitor was for a full half minute. When they did they explained that their commander had gone up ahead.

"Just wanted to wish him luck," said the General. Then he shook hands with the two lieutenants and the two sergeants and left.

Bad news may travel quicker than good in some places, but it doesn't along the German front. Maybe it's because the German officers see that it does not.

Many of the Germans captured by the Americans north of St. Quentin had maps in their possession, printed maps of the whole battle line which they evidently kept for their own information and use. None of their maps showed the German retreat from the St. Mihiel salient. That profane intrusion into France, recently effected by the Americans, was outlined as prominently as of old. Questioned, none of these Germans had heard of the St. Mihiel defeat. All of them, however, knew of the British victories between St. Quentin and Arras, probably because most of them had participated in the retreat out of the Picardy salient.

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